University of Toronto Quarterly

EDITOR

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VOLUME XXVII, 1957–8

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GOETHE'S LAST LETTER • *Barker Fairley*

The last letter Goethe wrote was dated March 17, 1832, and was addressed to Wilhelm von Humboldt. Humboldt, by this time well known as diplomat, man of letters, and founder of Berlin University, had been a close friend of Schiller's before the turn of the century and had been in correspondence with Goethe ever since that time, chiefly on literary topics. The circumstances attending their final exchange of letters are not unknown and can be quickly recalled. In a previous letter to Humboldt, three and a half months earlier, on December 1, 1831, Goethe had allowed himself to be drawn out on the subject of his *Faust*, which he had just completed, or at any rate brought as near to completion as he was able to bring it, and which he had sealed up and put away, not intending to break the seal. It is true that he had published Part I of *Faust* in fragmentary form in 1790 and then in full in 1808, but he felt that Part II was ahead of his readers, as it proved to be, and had better wait till after his death for publication.

What he said or hinted briefly was that he had recently written parts of *Faust* with an awareness of mind that he had not experienced before in his creative life. This seemed so important to Humboldt that he copied out the passage and sent it back some five weeks later, asking Goethe to say more on this vital topic. The letter lay unanswered for over two months and then, on March 17, the reply went off. Here it is in a translation which, whatever liberties it takes, strives to be true to the meaning of the original:

> I am writing on the spur of the moment notwithstanding the long wait, which I could not help. Let me begin as follows: The ancients used to say: Animals are instructed by their organs. I will add: Men are too, but they have the advantage of being able to instruct their organs in their turn. For the performance of any act and so for the exercise of any talent something innate is required which functions of itself and unconsciously supplies the necessary predisposition or aptitude, by virtue of which it neither hesitates nor stops and may even reach the point of running on without aim or purpose, although it has the rule inside it.

The sooner a man realizes that there is an art or a technique that will enable him to improve and intensify his natural gifts in a controlled way, the happier he will be. Nothing that comes to him from without can hurt the individuality he was born with. The best-endowed mind is the mind that can absorb anything, appropriate anything, without in the slightest degree impairing its primal bent or what we call its personality, but rather enhancing it and bringing it to highest capacity.

It is here that the interrelation of conscious and unconscious occurs in its many forms. Think of a musician preparing an important score. Conscious and unconscious will interact like warp and woof, a favourite image of mine.

By dint of practice, theory, reflection, success, failure, encouragement, and resistance, and further and ever further reflection the human organs will unconsciously and in spontaneous action combine the acquired with the innate to produce a unity that is a wonder to mankind.

I trust these generalizations will serve as a brief answer to your question and will help you to understand what I wrote before. I am returning the passage you sent me. The idea of *Faust* was present in my mind more than sixty years ago in a youthful way—the opening part clear, the whole sequence less detailed. I have always kept the general intention at the back of my head and merely worked out the particular scenes that happened to interest me most. This left some gaps in Part II which had to be filled in without letting the interest decline. It was at this point that the great difficulty arose of achieving by means of determination and moral character ["durch Vorsatz und Charakter"] what really ought to be left to nature to do unforced. But it would be a pity if this did not prove possible after a life as long and as actively reflective as mine. I do not think it will be easy to distinguish old from new or early from late. We will leave it to future readers to decide.

I can assure you that it would give me the greatest pleasure to dedicate this very serious jesting ["diese sehr ernsten Scherze"] to my worthy and respected friends wherever they may be, while I am still alive, and to let them read it and to hear their opinion. But the world today is in such absurd confusion that I have no doubt the long and honest labour I have bestowed on this curious structure would be scantily rewarded and it would just drift ashore to lie a wreck for the sands of time to cover for the present. . . .

This is a passage of writing that has been much more quoted than scrutinized. Every student of Goethe knows it; few, it would seem, have dwelt on it or asked themselves what it meant. By way of a start, the passage admits of three generalizations, none of them quite obvious. First the passage is all about *Faust*. When Goethe says that animals are instructed by their organs ("die Tiere werden durch ihre Organe belehrt") he is not starting on another topic, hoping or intending to reach *Faust* later by making a jump or by fetching a compass, but he is answering Humboldt as directly as he can. Every sentence that follows is pertinent.

Second, the passage is all about the mind of the poet writing *Faust*. We may prefer to call this the creative mind and we are at liberty to apply what Goethe says about it to other works of literature, whether his own or another's, and to other fields such as painting and sculpture. He refers in one sentence to music and we can be sure that he would have extended the reference far beyond that, if pressed. But here he is concerned strictly with himself and the writing of *Faust*. When he says that animals are instructed by their organs, he is thinking of his own organs and of the *Faust* that he had written with their assistance.

Thirdly, the passage is all about the problem of conscious and unconscious, the crucial problem in the process of creation as he had experienced it in writing *Faust*. When he says that animals are instructed by their organs, he means it in the sense that their organs instruct them unconsciously. And he goes on to insist that this unconscious basis is essential to everything we do, that it supplies the initial—Goethe calls it the innate—disposition in each of us, and that this disposition maintains and asserts itself, however freely it is allowed to operate. In saying this he is not thinking only of inferior man neglecting his intelligence, but also of higher man, including himself, using it. But, as he goes on to say, if the poet or the creative person is to get the best out of himself, he must, as he puts it, instruct his organs in their turn. That is to say, he must interfere consciously.

In reply to the question which now arises whether in doing so he will impair his organs or his innate disposition, the answer Goethe gives is no, or not necessarily, or not in the best cases. In the best cases, by which he must mean or include genius, the organs will adapt what is done to them or given to them and will make it part of themselves, in this way recovering sooner or later at a higher level the unconscious unity of action that they had enjoyed before at a lower level.

If Goethe says that this unity is a wonder to mankind or, more pedantically translated, that it will fill the world with astonishment ("eine Einheit . . . welche die Welt in Erstaunen setzt") it is not an unguarded phrase. He means this and nothing less. It was precisely the organic unity of the higher mind that he had spent his life, as he believed, acquiring and exercising. We have only to look back at his Italian days, when he found himself philosophically, or at, say, the essay on *Winckelmann* that he wrote some fifteen years later in the spirit of those days, to be reminded of his convictions as forcibly as we could wish. Consider only the one paragraph from this essay in which he affirms that "when a man's nature works as a whole and he senses the world round him as

a whole too and the well-being and harmony of the experience fills him with delight, the universe, if it knew what it was doing, could jubilantly regard itself as having reached its goal and could pause to admire its own consummation; why all this parade of suns and moons and planets, stars and milky ways, comets and nebulae, worlds made or in the making, if in the end a man cannot rejoice unconsciously in his existence?"[1] In his eyes this wholeness represented the best that man could achieve. This was the faith he had clung to for the best part of half a century. Here, if anywhere, was the key to his philosophy, or so he would have said until—shall we say?—at the eleventh hour this new thing happened to him.

What makes this trio of letters—Goethe, Humboldt, Goethe—exciting is that here for the first time and, as it turned out, the last, Goethe claims to have reached another stage of creativeness—a stage higher than the highest he knew before. In his final letter he says that he was able to fill in the gaps in his *Faust* manuscript only by issuing a *fiat* of his conscious will ("durch Vorsatz und Charakter") and extracting from himself what he was not prepared to wait for. The previous letter to Humboldt says this even more arrestingly:

> Concerning my *Faust* there is much and little to be said. Just at a suitable moment I remembered the *dictum*: If you pretend to be poets, make your poetry do what you want. And, by a mysterious psychological shift ["eine geheime psychologische Wendung"] which possibly deserves to be looked into, I believe I have lifted myself up to a kind of productivity which in full consciousness ["bei völligem Bewusstsein"] accomplishes work that I can still approve of, although I may never be able to swim in this stream again, and indeed Aristotle and such ["Aristoteles und andere Prosaisten"] would ascribe it to a sort of madness.

We can well understand why Humboldt was so hot on the trail. In his letter of reply, asking Goethe for further elucidation, he presses him hard and presses him just where we should wish him to press. First he explains that he was sending a copy of the passage bearing on *Faust* because he felt sure—here perhaps we can detect the diplomatist—that Goethe had not kept one and the matter was too important not to come up again. He then continues: "Do try to remember, since this point is not clear to me in your letter, whether you have always had it in you to compose poetry with full use of your conscious mind ["bei völligem Bewusstsein"] or whether this came to you at a certain stage in your life and not before. While there may have been differences of degree, I incline to the former view."

This is precisely the question he should have put and precisely the

slant, the sceptical slant, he should have given it. In other words, was not Goethe mistaken when he stated that he had lifted himself up to a higher level? Was he not simply forgetting or misinterpreting? Or was he possibly confusing a shortening of the period of gestation or digestion referred to in his final letter with the eliminating of it?

All we can say for certain by way of answer is that Goethe takes nothing back. In the first of his two letters he says he has written good poetry under conditions, inner conditions, that were new to him, namely with his conscious powers fully awakened—and this can only mean with full reliance on them—and in the second letter he explains more unequivocally what he means by saying that he has been compelled to draw on his purposive self ("durch Vorsatz und Charakter") to do what he had always left it to instinct to do. This, he felt, was so contrary to his long experience and knowledge of himself that he doubted whether he would ever be able to repeat it and swim in this stream again.

What Goethe notes about Aristotle must not be misunderstood. The reference is presumably to the sentence in the *Poetics* which reads in Butcher's translation: "Poetry implies either a happy gift of nature or a strain of madness": διὸ εὐφυοῦς ἡ ποιητικὴ ἐστιν ἢ μανικοῦ. Madness, then, is the only alternative Aristotle offers to the happy gift of nature that Goethe had always relied on before. Humboldt was quick to deprecate the thought of madness in connection with Goethe. "What Aristotle says," he writes, "never fitted you or any of your works, not even *Werther* and *Götz*. Your poetry has derived from the beginning from your total response to life" ("Ihre Dichtung stammte von jeher aus Ihrer ganzen Natur- und Weltansicht"). This last sentence puts the truth about Goethe's genius so succinctly and so clearly that we can only approve. Yet was not Humboldt being somewhat undiscerning, or shall we say unduly solicitous, in saying it at all in this connection? One has to know Goethe well not to miss the overtones of irony in his voice sometimes. When he invited the charge of madness, it can only have been a philosopher's joke which he expected Humboldt to share, his whole argument being that he had moved upwards away from instinct, not downwards. Upwards into higher regions of control, not downwards into a blinder inspiration. He does not leave us in the slightest doubt as to the nature of the mysterious shift of consciousness, as he calls it—the "geheime psychologische Wendung"—that he believed he had undergone. If he consents to call it mysterious, it was not because it was blind, but because it was not blind enough to accord with what he had always held.

It does not follow, however, that because he was clear in his own mind about what had happened to him we should take what he says at its face value. There are various reservations that have first to be disposed of. It could be argued, for instance, that he was not so much a representative poet as an extreme case of a special kind. Call it lyrical, instinctive, or rhapsodic. Goethe had found himself at Strassburg at the age of twenty as this sort of poet, for whom the alternative to scribbling down his poetry as it came to him, with the least possible delay, was to submerge it again in his turbulent flow of consciousness and probably lose it outright. The account he gives of this inspirational way of writing rings so true that no one has ever doubted it, and it has the support of much of his early verse, or rather of his first drafts of verse, where again and again we can see without being told that they must have come in a rush.

More surprisingly still, he had retained this way of writing in middle years and on into old age, spilling lyrics out of himself in his upper seventies as if he were fifty years younger. It was because he was basically this unusual kind of poet that he had spent sixty years on and off over *Faust*, writing a piece when the pressure came, stopping when it left him, and then waiting ten years or twenty, if necessary, before resuming. Such was his habit; his work teems with illustrations. Even his last letter illustrates it, for does it not begin by saying that he was writing after a delay and does not the delay imply deliberation, especially when he goes on to contrast it pointedly with the sudden act of composition, writing, as he puts it, *nevertheless* on the spur of the moment—"und doch nur aus dem Stegreife"?

It is not difficult to imagine a poet of the opposite persuasion, Milton or Virgil or Dante, saying to him in the shades: "My dear fellow, if you had not been so incorrigibly spontaneous all your life, you would not have had to wait till you were over eighty to experience what we knew all the time. The kind of poetry we wrote had to be written with determination. There was nothing else for it." And they would probably be right from their point of view. The author of *The Divine Comedy* had no choice but to plan and calculate at every point, and the same holds good for the other epic poets in their degree. And, some will say, for dramatic poets scarcely less. But this, while setting bounds to the applicability of Goethe's experience, does not affect the truth of it. What we are here crediting these older masters with saying does not deprive Goethe of an answer. Even when he was drawn closer to what we feel may have been their way of working, he was not, he might have replied,

arriving at their kind of poetry. The validity of his experience remains, whether contributory or not to a theory of the poetic process.

But, Dante and others apart, we cannot satisfactorily share Goethe's experience or judge it either, unless we know what came out of it. *Faust* is an uneven poem. It has its flat passages as well as its soaring moments, and this makes us curious to know exactly what part of the poem he had in mind in the Humboldt letter. Even if we were told that it was in Act IV we should need to know where in Act IV. It is one thing to create the opening monologue with its cloud imagery and its farewell to Hellas or the ocean passage with its sudden revelation of new worlds to conquer; and another to manipulate the Emperor's sham battle or to browbeat his Chancellor of the Exchequer afterwards. It is all very well for Goethe to assure us that we should not recognize the difference between old and new or early and late, or to dismiss the matter urbanely by remarking that future readers may decide. He has not given us, or them, the data necessary for reaching a decision.

On the other hand he was quite without vanity as a poet and not a bad judge of his own work. If anything, he was inclined to be harder on himself than we are, and for a very good reason. Since it was not creative poetry, but creative living, that he cared most about, he was only too ready to put his works behind him as mere stepping-stones of his dead self and to find himself not entirely happy when he had to reread or reconsider them. In this spirit he outgrew *Werther* and *Iphigenie* rather than cherished them. The better we know him in this respect the more willing we shall be to accord him at least the benefit of the doubt and to believe him when he gives us to understand that the quality of what he wrote justified his observations.

There is yet another suspicion. We cannot forget that Goethe was a very old man. It is possible that he was losing his grip, that his memory was not so good as it had been, especially in the matter of inner experience. But this is a suspicion that cannot weigh heavily. The impact of Goethe's late letters is one of immense intellectual command and of undiminished energy. The prose he uses in this last letter of all is crowded and concentrated almost to a fault. No translation can quite reproduce the force of it. Far from betraying the fatigue that we expect of him he seems rather to be growing in vitality. In the short passage concluding the letter he writes like a man who has another lifetime ahead of him. "There remains," he writes, "for me only the urgent task of developing the powers that are in me to some higher pitch, if I can, and of cohobating my peculiarities." The Oxford Dictionary affirms

confidently that "to cohobate," which is identical with Goethe's "cohobiren," means "to subject to repeated distillation, by pouring a liquid back again and again upon the matter from which it has been distilled." So much for Goethe's mental vigour as an octogenarian.

It would seem, then, that after we have done our best and worst with it Goethe's account of himself remains memorable. But the question we are left with, namely, whether he would have attempted, or been able, to subsume his new experience under the concept of organic unity that he had always clung to and which he restates in the course of the present argument is a perplexing one. Humboldt would undoubtedly have pestered him further, but what could he have achieved by it? It is as difficult to see Goethe retracting his position as to see him consolidating it. If a man acts with determination ("durch Vorsatz und Charakter") he cannot at the same time be obeying the organic principle and growing like a tree. He must, if the words mean anything, be pitting one part of himself, his will-power, against another part that is not will-power. Furthermore, he must do so consciously. Or at least Goethe must have done so consciously in this case; otherwise he would not be in a position afterwards to describe what had happened in terms of the parts, as he does.

This means that what Goethe tells us about his special experience brings it into palpable conflict with his notion of organic unity, the nature and feeling of which is nowhere better indicated than in the definition of perfect health that he attempts in his *Zur Morphologie*[2] to the effect that we only become conscious of the state of perfect health by finding that we are sensing the whole of ourselves without sensing the parts. And here we have the clue to what he really meant by unconscious. Not that the mind stops thinking, for then one of the parts would be out of action, but rather that the mind forgets it is thinking. Goethe once wrote an epigram on not thinking about thinking:

> Mein Kind, ich hab es klug gemacht:
> Ich habe nie über das Denken gedacht.

He might, while he was about it, have gone one further and written an epigram on not knowing about thinking or on thoughtless thinking or—but only Goethe would know how to put it. The problem he was faced with, whether he realized it or not, was that of reconciling the forcing of his thought with the ignoring of it. Or, failing this, of demonstrating that the forcing of his thought was not by his standards the step backwards in his mental life that it perilously looks like being, but the step

forward to a higher level that he evidently and confidently believed it was. What would he have said? He recognized that what he was telling Humboldt might be worth looking into, but he was not given to quick answers, and there we must leave it.

It may be noted in conclusion that the *dictum* Goethe remembered, or pretends to have remembered, at the right moment—that poets ought to have their poetry under control,

> Gebt ihr euch einmal für Poeten,
> So kommandiert die Poesie—

is his own. It is quoted from the prelude to *Faust* (the "Vorspiel") which he had written thirty years earlier, as if knowing somehow that he was going to need it later. And this leads over to a not unrelated thought concerning his last letter. It is impossible for those who know him not to reflect for a moment on its being the last. He sent it off one morning with no thought that we can detect of the end being near. The next day his condition was serious and he died five days later on March 22, 1832. No other letter in all the upwards of thirteen thousand could come as appropriately last as this one, in which the natural philosopher and the creative poet are seen to be one and the same in a final looking back and forth. Was it just an accident that this last letter was his last? We have to think before answering. It is not comfortable to admit that mere chance can be so intelligent. The only other view open to us is to hold that, while he did not know it was all over, something knew. Is it not just conceivable that his organs were for the last time instructing him? One may prefer to adopt the less superstitious of the two views. But which of the two views is indicated?

NOTES

1 In the original the paragraph reads as follows: "Wenn die gesunde Natur des Menschen als ein Ganzes wirkt, wenn er sich in der Welt als in einem grossen, schönen, würdigen und werten Ganzen fühlt, wenn das harmonische Behagen ihm ein reines, freies Entzücken gewährt—dann würde das Weltall, wenn es sich selbst empfinden könnte, als an sein Ziel gelangt aufjauchzen und den Gipfel des eigenen Werdens und Wesens bewundern. Denn wozu dient alle der Aufwand von Sonnen und Planeten und Monden, von Sternen und Milchstrassen, von Kometen und Nebelflecken, von gewordenen und werdenden Welten, wenn sich nicht zuletzt ein glücklicher Mensch unbewusst seines Daseins erfreut?"

2 In the section entitled *Vorarbeiten zu einer Physiologie der Pflanzen.*

BLAKE AFTER TWO CENTURIES

Northrop Frye

The value of centenaries and similar observances is that they call attention, not simply to great men, but to what we do with our great men. The anniversary punctuates, so to speak, the scholarly and critical absorption of its subject into society. From this point of view, a centenary date might well be more impressive for those interested in William Blake than his birth on November 28, 1757. The year 1857 would bring us to a transitional point in the life of Alexander Gilchrist, who had recently got a life of Etty off his hands, married, moved to Chelsea to be near his idol Carlyle, was busy winding up some family business, and was preparing to start in earnest on *The Life of William Blake, Pictor Ignotus*. This last was no empty phrase. Scattered notices of Blake had appeared in collections of artists' biographies, but nothing like a full volume had been devoted to Blake in the thirty years since his death. Blake was fortunate in his first posthumous group of admirers. Gilchrist was a remarkable person, his wife Anne equally so, and Rossetti and Swinburne, if not exactly emancipated spirits, were at least sufficiently free of the more lethal Victorian virtues to admire Blake without undue inhibitions. They make an instructive contrast to the Ruskin who cut up one of the two coloured copies of *Jerusalem*, the anonymous worthy who apparently destroyed the great "Vision of the Last Judgement," and the member of the Linnell family who erased the genitalia from the drawings on the *Four Zoas* manuscript.

Gilchrist died in 1861 with his masterpiece unfinished: Anne Gilchrist brought it out in 1863 in two volumes. The first volume was Gilchrist's biography: no better biography has been written since, for all our advance in understanding. The main part of the second volume was Rossetti's edition of the lyrics, where Blake, however expurgated and improved in his metres, still did achieve something like a representative showing as a poet. Swinburne's critical essay appeared in 1868, and

soon afterwards there began, a slow trickle at first, then a flood still in full spate, of critical studies, biographies, editions, illustrated editions, collections of paintings and engravings, handbooks, catalogues, appreciations, research articles, chapters in other books, and specialized studies pouring out of the presses of at least twenty countries. Max Beerbohm's Enoch Soames sold his soul to the devil in exchange for a glance at the future British Museum catalogue of critical work on him, only to discover that posterity took the same view of him that his contemporaries had done. Such irony is not for Blake, who in his lifetime was something of an Enoch Soames too, but an Enoch Soames who was right.

Much more than a Cinderella success story is involved here. In her little British Council bibliography, Miss Kathleen Raine remarks on the spontaneous personal affection shown in the public response to the recent discovery of a large and rather confused allegorical picture by Blake in a house in Devon. A new Michelangelo would have been more important, but it would not have aroused that specific reaction of affectionate pride. Blake's deep love of England is clearly not an unrequited love, nor is the sense that he is one of us confined to Englishmen. People get attracted to him through feeling that he is for them a personal discovery and something of a private possession. I constantly hear of doctors, housewives, clergymen, teachers, manual workers, shopkeepers, who are, in the most frequent phrase used, "frightfully keen on Blake," who have bought every book on him they could afford, and kept him around like an amiable household god. I have taught Blake to Jesuits and I have taught him to Communist organizers; I have taught him to deans of women and I have taught him to ferocious young poets of unpredictable rhythms and unprintable (or at least privately printed) diction. His admirers have nothing in common except the feeling that Blake says something to them that no one else can say: that whatever their standards and values may be, Blake has the charity to include them, not as part of a general principle of benevolence, which Blake himself would have despised, but uniquely as individuals.

Undergraduates, too, have fewer barriers against Blake than against most poets: besides the absence of unfamiliar conventions or a special poetic language, he lacks the two qualities that undergraduates are most afraid of, sentimentality and irony. Again, some poets travel better than others, and just as Byron and Poe in the nineteenth century proved to be more readily exportable than Wordsworth or Hawthorne, so in the twentieth century Blake seems the easiest of all our poets to export to India or Japan. He can hardly ever lack admirers among the fellow

countrymen of Rouault and of Gérard de Nerval, or of Hölderlin and of Novalis. Within ninety years after the first critical study of him was published, Blake appears to be headed for what at one time seemed his least likely fate: a genuine, permanent, and international popularity.

This popularity has been achieved in spite of Blake's reputation for being difficult and esoteric, someone not to be understood without preliminary study of a dozen occult systems of thought and several thousand pages of commentary. I have written one of the thickest of the commentaries myself, and I certainly meant all I said, but I quite realize how often the popular estimate of Blake is sounder in perspective than the scholarly one. Scholars will assert that the famous "Jerusalem" hymn is crypto-Anglo-Israelitism or what not; but when it was sung in front of Transport House at the Labour victory of 1945 the singers showed that they understood it far better than such scholars did. Scholars will assert that the question in *The Tyger*, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" is to be answered with a confident yes or no: yes if Blake is believed to be a pantheist, no if he is believed to be a Gnostic. Most of those who love the poem are content to leave it a question, and they are right. "You say," wrote Blake to the Rev. Dr. Trusler, author of *The Way to be Rich and Respectable*, "that I want somebody to Elucidate my Ideas. But you ought to know that What is Grand is necessarily obscure to Weak men. That which can be made Explicit to the Idiot is not worth my care." Having thus brought his correspondent into focus, he goes on: "But I am happy to find a Great Majority of Fellow Mortals who can Elucidate My Visions, & Particularly they have been Elucidated by Children, who have taken a greater delight in contemplating my Pictures than I even hoped." Children have always found Blake easier than the Truslers have done.

II

Clearly, if Blake can be popular we need a new definition of popularity. Several very different things are included under the term popular, and the simple conception "What the public wants" will not do. Best-seller popularity depends more on news value than on any aesthetic qualities, whether good or bad. But there is another sense in which the term popular may be used, as referring to the art which affords a key to imaginative experience for the untrained. The centre of gravity of popular fiction in this sense is the folk tale, and in American culture, for instance, it would be represented by *Huckleberry Finn*, *Rip van*

Winkle, some tales of Poe, of Uncle Remus, and the various cycles of native humour like the Western tall tale. Much that is popular even in this context is still rubbish, and some of it may be quite unpopular in the best-seller meaning of the word. The popular in the second sense is the contemporary primitive, and it tends to become primitive with the passing of time. Such primitive and popular elements recur in great art, even very difficult and complex art. One thinks of Shakespeare's late romances, with their archaic nature myths and their improbable coincidences turning up "like an old tale." One thinks more particularly of the Bible, which is one long folk tale from beginning to end, and the most primitive and popular book in the world.

The two senses of popular seem to be, up to a point, connected with the distinction of content and form. "What the public wants," as the first word suggests, relates primarily to content: certain conventional choices of subject—domestic, sentimental, heroic, sexually provocative —come into vogue by turns. Certain story types, on the other hand, which remain fairly constant from ancient myth to contemporary comic strip, are isolated in the art which is popular in the second sense. Like the corresponding primitive and popular forms in the plastic arts, they are abstract and stylized, and have a curiously archaic look about them whenever they appear. The generic term for such story types is myth, because myths are stories about divine beings which are abstract and stylized stories in the sense that they are unaffected by canons of realism or probability.

Blake's only fictions are in his Prophetic Books, and although they are certainly mythical enough, there are other aspects of popular literature in its formal sense more obviously relevant to him. The conceptual element in poetry is also a part of its content, and conceptual thinking in poetry is more or less assimilated to another kind of thinking which organizes the poetic structure. The unit of this formally poetic thinking is the metaphor, and the metaphor is inherently illogical, an identification of two or more things which could never be identified except by a lunatic, a lover, or a poet—one may perhaps add an extremely primitive savage. We are educated in conceptual thinking, and so usually find poetry which comes to terms with it easier to read, like Wordsworth's. Poetry which is popular in the sense of having a vogue is popular by reason of having such a conceptual content: it talks about the Deity in the eighteenth century, or Duty in the nineteenth, or it speaks to the eternal bourgeois in the heart of man, like Kipling's *If*, Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, or Burns's *A Man's a Man for a' that*. Poetry which con-

centrates on metaphor to the point of appearing to exclude conceptual thought altogether, like surrealist poetry, impresses most readers as wilfully crazy, or, if they are compelled to take it seriously, as incredibly difficult and esoteric.

Yet greater experience with literature soon shows that it is metaphor which is direct and primitive, and conceptual thought which is sophisticated. Hence there is a body of verse that can be called popular in the sense of providing the direct, primitive, metaphorical key to poetic experience for educated and uneducated alike. Most good teaching anthologies are largely composed of such verse, and in such anthologies the lyrics of Blake leap into the foreground with a vividness that almost exaggerates Blake's relative importance as a poet:

> O Rose, thou art sick!
> The invisible worm
> That flies in the night,
> In the howling storm,
>
> Has found out thy bed
> Of crimson joy,
> And his dark secret love
> Does thy life destroy.

I say exaggerates, because there are many fine poets who do not have this specific kind of directness. One may always meet a poem with a set of questions designed to avoid its impact: what does it mean; why is it considered a good poem; is it morally beneficial; does it say profound things about life, and so forth. But such a poem as *The Sick Rose* has a peculiar power of brushing them aside, of speaking with the unanswerable authority of poetry itself. Blake's lyrics, with many of those of Herrick, Burns, and Donne, the sonnets of Shakespeare, Wordsworth's Lucy poems, and a few of the great ballads, are popular poetry in the sense that they are a practically foolproof introduction to poetic experience.

Metaphor, then, is a formal principle of poetry, and myth of fiction. We begin to see how Blake hangs together: his prophecies are so intensely mythical because his lyrics are so intensely metaphorical. At present his prophecies seem to have little to do with popular literature in any sense of the word, but opinion will have changed on this point long before the tercentenary rolls around. It will then be generally understood that just as Blake's lyrics are among the best possible introductions to poetic experience, so his prophecies are among the best possible introductions to the grammar and structure of literary mythology. His practice again is consistent with his theory, which lays an almost

exclusive emphasis on the imagination or forming power. However, there comes a point at which our distinction of form and content breaks down, and we have to raise the question of what kind of content formal art has.

"The Nature of my Work is Visionary or Imaginative," said Blake: "it is an Endeavour to Restore what the Ancients call'd the Golden Age." By vision he meant the view of the world, not as it might be, still less as it ordinarily appears, but as it really is when it is seen by human consciousness at its greatest height and intensity. It is the artist's business to attain this heightened or transfigured view of things, and show us what kind of world is actually in front of us, with all its glowing splendours and horrifying evils. It is only the direct, metaphorical, and mythical perceptions, which work without compromise with unimaginative notions of reality, that can clearly render the forms of such a world. Such psychological experiments as those recorded in Mr. Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* (the title of which comes from Blake, although taking mescalin is not precisely what Blake meant by "cleansing" the doors of perception) seem to show that the formal principles of this heightened vision are constantly latent in the mind, which perhaps explains the communicability of such visions. For Blake, however, the Bible provides the key to the relation between the two worlds. The ordinary world is "fallen," the manifestation of man's own sin and ignorance; the true world is the apocalypse presented at the end of the Bible and the paradise presented at the beginning of it: the true city and garden that is man's home, and which all existing cities and gardens struggle to make manifest in the lower world.

The apocalypse of the Bible is a world in which all human forms are identified, as Blake says at the end of his *Jerusalem*. That is, all forms are identified as human. Cities and gardens, sun moon and stars, rivers and stones, trees and human bodies—all are equally alive, equally parts of the same infinite body which is at once the body of God and of risen man. In this world "Each Identity is Eternal," for "In Eternity one Thing never Changes into another Thing." It is a world of forms like Plato's except that in Blake these forms are images of pure being seen by a spiritual body, not ideas of pure essence seen by a soul, a conception which would rule out the artist as a revealer of reality. To Blake this vision of apocalypse and resurrection was the grammar of poetry and painting alike, and it was also the source of the formal principles of art. He lived in a way that brought him into the most constant contact with this world, for we notice that isolation, solitude, and a certain

amount of mental stress or disturbance have a tendency to light up this vision in the mind. When Christopher Smart is shut into a madhouse with no company except his cat Jeffrey, the cat leaps into the same apocalyptic limelight as Blake's tiger:

> For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.
> For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electrical skin & glaring eyes . . .
> For he is of the tribe of Tiger.
> For the Cherub Cat is a term of the Angel Tiger . . .
> For by stroaking of him I have found out electricity.
> For I perceived God's light about him both wax and fire.
> For the electrical fire is the spiritual substance, which God sends from heaven to sustain the bodies both of man and beast.

Similarly when John Clare is confined to an asylum and is in the depths of schizophrenia, the luminous fragility of Blake's *Book of Thel*, along with the glowing lights and gemmed trees of Mr. Huxley's adventures in heaven and hell, appear in his vision:

> The birds sing on the clouds in that eternal land,
> Jewels and siller are they a', and gouden is the sand.
> The sun is one vast world of fire that burneth a' to-day,
> And nights wi' hells of darkness for ever keeps away.
> And dearly I love the queen o' that bright land,
> The lily flowers o' woman that meeteth no decay.

Blake's attitude to art makes no psychological distinctions among the arts, and the same imagination that the poet uses appears in Blake's theory of painting as "outline," which again is an intense concentration on the formal principles of the art. The abstract school of painting today assumes that the formal principles of painting are quasi-geometrical, but Blake, with the faded white ghosts of eighteenth-century classicism in front of him, warned sharply against the preference of "mathematic form" to "living form." Blake despised everything that was amorphous or vague in art: the imagination for him could express itself only as rigorous and exactly ordered form. But by living form he meant a vitalized classicism, where the outline is held in the tight grip of imaginative intensity, a classicism that would have more in common with Van Gogh than with Flaxman or David. Blake's painting, though strongly formalized, is not abstract in tendency, but what one might call hieroglyphic in tendency. It presents the same world that his poetry presents; yet (except in lapses) it is not literary painting. The tense stylized figures of the Byzantines with their staring eyes and weightless bodies;

mediaeval primitives with their glittering gold haloes and childlike sense of primary colour; Eastern "mandalas" that communicate the sense of powerful spiritual discipline in repose; the calligraphic distortions of Klee: these all belong in different ways to the hieroglyphic tradition in painting, and are allied to the vision that Blake evolved from his study of Renaissance prints.

III

The conception of formally popular art which underlies the present argument is still an unexplored subject in criticism, and many aspects of it can be only suggested here. It has been neglected partly because the original proponents of it, notably Herder, confused it by mixing it up with a pseudo-historical myth of the Golden Age family. Formally popular art was supposed to have been derived from a "folk" whose art was rural and spontaneous and communal and unspecialized and a number of other things that no art can be. When we remove this notion of a "folk," we are left with a third conception of popular art as the art which is central to a specific cultural tradition. There is no question here of looking for *the* centre or isolating an imaginary essence of a tradition, but only of seeing what some of its prevailing and recurrent rhythms have been. The sources of a cultural tradition are, of course, its religious and social context as well as its own earlier products. In English culture we notice at once a strong and constant affinity with art which is popular in the formal sense, in striking contrast to, say, French culture, which has much more the character of something deliberately imposed.

One characteristic of the English tradition has obviously been affected by Protestantism. This is the tendency to anchor the apocalyptic vision in a direct individual experience, as the product, not of sacramental discipline, but of imaginative experiment. The experience may be as forced as *Grace Abounding* or as relaxed as Keats's speculations about a vale of soul-making, but it tends to be autonomous, to make the experience its own authority. The 1611 Bible is not a "monument of English prose," but the exact opposite of what a monument is: it is a translation with a unique power of making the Bible a personal possession of its reader, and to this its enormous popularity as well as its importance in English culture is due. It has also fostered, of course, the kind of Biblical culture that has made *The Pilgrim's Progress* one of the most popular books in the language, that has given *Paradise Lost* its central place in English literature, and that has instigated some very

inadequate performances of Handel's *Messiah* (a work with a unique power of catching this quality of direct vision in music) in Midland towns. Such Biblical culture, absorbed as part of a poet's own imaginative experience, was inspiring visions of revelation and resurrection at least as early as the *Pearl* poet, and had lost nothing of its intensity when Dylan Thomas was shattering the sedate trumpet of the BBC with the same tones:

> Though they be mad and dead as nails,
> Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
> Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
> And death shall have no dominion.

Blake, who was brought up on the Bible and on Milton, is unusually close to this simple and naïve Biblism even for an English poet. The occult and esoteric elements in his thought have been grossly exaggerated by critics who, as Johnson said of Hume, have not read the New Testament with attention. What is so obviously true of most of his paintings is true also of his poetry: it is the work of a man whose Bible was his textbook. The prophecies recreate the Bible in English symbolism, just as the 1611 translation recreates it in the English language, and, no less than *Paradise Lost* or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, they record a direct search for the New Jerusalem which exists here and now in England's green and pleasant land.

A second characteristic of the English tradition is of social origin, and is derived from an apparently permanent English tendency to political resistance. This tendency has taken different forms in different ages—Roundhead, Whig, radical, liberal, socialist—but is so constant that it may be actually a kind of anarchism, or what in a play of Bernard Shaw's is called an obstinate refusal to be governed at all. From Milton's defence of the liberty of prophesying to Mill's defence of the right to be eccentric, it is pervaded by a sense that the final cause of society is the free individual. This sense distinguishes it sharply from such revolutionary traditions as those of America or Russia, where a fundamental social pattern is established *a priori* by the revolution, and other patterns are rejected as un-American or counter-revolutionary.

In Blake's political outlook one finds a radicalism of a common English type, which includes a strong individual protest against all institutional radicalism. Blake was brought up in the centre of English social resistance, the city of London, in the period of Wilkes and the Gordon riots. His sympathy first with the American and then with the French revolution placed him as far to the left as he could go and still

continue to function as an artist. Yet his denunciation of what he called the "Deism" of the French revolutionaries, and of the ideology of Voltaire and Rousseau, is nearly as strong as Burke's. At the same time his poems point directly towards the English society of his time: even his most complex prophecies have far more in common with Dickens than they have with Plotinus. And though he said "Houses of Commons & Houses of Lords appear to me to be fools; they seem to me to be something Else besides Human Life," this expresses, not a withdrawal from society, but a sense of the inadequacy of everything that falls short of the apocalyptic vision itself. Blake's is the same impossible vision that caused Milton to break with four kinds of revolt in England, and which still earlier had inspired the dream of John Ball, a dream based, like *Areopagitica* and *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, on a sense of ironic contrast between the fallen and unfallen worlds:

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

In breaking with all forms of social organization, however, Blake is merely following the logic of art itself, whose myths and visions are at once the cause and the clarified form of social developments. Every society is the embodiment of a myth, and as the artist is the shaper of myth, there is a sense in which he holds in his hand the thunderbolts that destroy one society and create another. Another busy and versatile English radical, William Morris, not a mythopœic poet himself but a mere collector of myths, nevertheless portrayed those myths in *The Earthly Paradise* as a group of old men who had outgrown the desire to be made kings or gods. In this cycle they are ineffectual exiles, but in Morris's later work they return as revolutionary dreams, though of a kind that, again, rejects all existing types of revolutionary organization.

The possibility is raised in passing that formally popular art has a perennially subversive quality about it, whereas art that has a vogue popularity remains subservient to society. We note that Russian Communism denounced "formalism" as the essence of the bourgeois in art, and turned to vogue popularity instead, a vogue artificially sustained by political control, as part of its general policy of perverting revolutionary values. This tendency follows the example set by Tolstoy, who, though a greater artist than Morris, was also more confused about the nature of popular art.

Blake formed his creative habits in the age immediately preceding Romanticism: still, his characteristics are romantic in the expanded

sense of giving a primary place to imagination and individual feeling. Like the Romantics, Blake thought of the "Augustan" period from 1660 to 1760 as an interruption of the normal native tradition. This sense of belonging to and restoring the native tradition helps to distinguish Romanticism in England from Romanticism on the Continent, especially in France. It also enabled the English Romantic writers—in their fertile periods at any rate—to lean less heavily on religious and political conservatism in their search for a tradition.

The great achievement of English Romanticism was its grasp of the principle of creative autonomy, its declaration of artistic independence. The thing that is new in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, in Coleridge's criticism, in Keats's letters, is the sense, not that the poet is superior or inferior to others, but simply that he has an authority, as distinct from a social function, of his own. He does not need to claim any extraneous authority, and still less need he take refuge in any withdrawal from society. The creative process is an end in itself, not to be judged by its power to illustrate something else, however true or good. Some Romantics, especially Coleridge, wobble on this point, but Blake, like Keats and Shelley, is firm, and consistent when he says, "I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create." The difficulties revealed by such poems as Shelley's *Triumph of Life* or Keats's *Fall of Hyperion* are concerned with the content of the poetic vision, not with any doubts about the validity of that vision as a mean between subjective dream and objective action. "The poet and the dreamer are distinct," says Keats's Moneta, and Rousseau in Shelley's poem is typically the bastard poet whose work spilled over into action instead of remaining creative.

Hence the English Romantic tradition has close affinities with the individualism of the Protestant and the radical traditions. In all three the tendency is to take the individual as the primary field or area of operations instead of the interests of society, a tendency which is not necessarily egocentric, any more than its opposite is necessarily altruistic. English Romanticism is greatly aided in its feeling of being central to the tradition of English literature by the example of Shakespeare, who was in proportion to his abilities the most unpretentious poet who ever lived, a poet of whom one can predicate nothing except that he wrote plays, and stuck to his own business as a poet. He is the great poetic example of an inductive and practical approach to experience in English culture which is another aspect of its individualism.

I have no thought of trying to prefer one kind of English culture to another, and I regard all value-judgments that inhibit one's sympathies

with anything outside a given tradition as dismally uncritical. I say only that this combination of Protestant, radical, and Romantic qualities is frequent enough in English culture to account for the popularity, in every sense, of the products of it described above. There have been no lack of Catholic, Tory, and Classical elements too, but the tradition dealt with here has been popular enough to give these latter elements something of the quality of a consciously intellectual reaction. During the twenties of the present century, after the shock of the First World War, this intellectual reaction gathered strength. Its most articulate supporters were cultural evangelists who came from places like Missouri and Idaho, and who had a clear sense of the shape of the true English tradition, from its beginnings in Provence and mediaeval Italy to its later developments in France. Mr. Eliot's version of this tradition was finally announced as Classical, royalist, and Anglo-Catholic, implying that whatever was Protestant, radical, and Romantic would have to go into the intellectual doghouse.

Many others who did not have the specific motivations of Mr. Eliot or of Mr. Pound joined in the chorus of denigration of Miltonic, Romantic, liberal, and allied values. Critics still know too little of the real principles of criticism to have any defence against such fashions, when well organized; hence although the fashion itself is on its way out, the prejudices set up by it still remain. Blake must of course be seen in the context of the tradition he belonged to, unless he is to be unnaturally isolated from it, and when the fashionable judgments on his tradition consist so largely of pseudo-critical hokum, one's understanding of Blake inevitably suffers. We come back again to the reason for anniversaries. There may be others in the English tradition as great as Blake, but there can hardly be many as urgently great, looming over the dither of our situation with a more inescapable clarity, full of answers to questions that we have hardly learned how to formulate. Whatever other qualities Blake may have had or lacked, he certainly had courage and simplicity. Whatever other qualities our own age may have or lack, it is certainly an age of fearfulness and complexity. And every age learns most from those who most directly confront it.

FRIENDSHIP: AN INTERIM VALUE?

Stebelton H. Nulle

On a subject so well-worn as friendship, you might say that further comment may be spared. Even as long ago as Addison, there was "no Subject of Morality better handled," as he said, "and more exhausted." In fact, you might say that the last word about friendship was written by the Greeks and Romans, and that its place in the canon of Western values has been fixed ever since.

But, would you be right? Today, when there are no last words, and canons are out of fashion, it is hardly wanton in this historical sketch, with its anthropological and sociological overtones, to suggest and reconnoitre questions such as: Is friendship a normal and constant ethic? Is it necessary? Does it have a future? And lastly, is a new—or rather, an old—ideal now emerging?

As a sovereign tie, as an expedient even, friendship put in an appearance late. Among primitives, bound together in the bundle of life, the dark and transcendent participations are not between persons but between the individual and his inherited group; and that which gives meaning to existence (to borrow Martin Buber's term) is the "world of I-Thou." Here no sense of self is found, distinct from the wholeness of things, and individual identity is inconsistent with the integrity of the group, guarded rigidly by rite and custom. Special affinities, to be sure, in the form of sworn brotherhood or ritual kinship, are not unknown to primitive men, but there is no evidence that a feeling of friendship is involved.

Actually, friendship emerged from the first Western configuration to liberate the individual, in part at least, from his traditional tribal and civic background. This was the work of Greeks. It was they who made the first intensive analysis of interpersonal relationships and set friendship on an ideal footing pre-eminent in classical letters and long outlasting the medium that, of its own necessities, had conceived it.

Did the Greeks, then, "invent" friendship? Not, of course, the timeless human need for comradeship and security from the frightening impact of immediate existence—both sponsored immemorially by kin and cult; but the friendship, ideal or banal, born of the liberated personality in search of completion and the fellowship of kindred spirits. It would not be easy to refute the dictum of the nineteenth-century Scottish editor of Aristotle, Sir Alexander Grant, unqualified as it is: "The idea of friendship is purely Greek."

Early Greek society, of course, like others at the same level, was dedicated not to individual but to communal purposes; and even in the classic age of Hellas tribal morality was by no means outgrown. The very word for friends in Greek, *phíloi*, as Werner Jaeger tells us, "originally meant the members of the clan." The city state, or *pólis*, was itself, in theory at least, no mere sum of individuals but a community of families, with a common religious, aesthetic, and recreational life satisfying to the citizen. By the fifth century, however, especially at Athens, much had been done to emancipate him and diversify his daily round.

Now, the process of individuation leads inevitably to aloneness and isolation: the separation of one man from another; the discovery by each of his own personality. As the family tie weakened in the course of the fifth century, the individual was exposed to the encroachment of his fellow-citizens. The *pólis* was no social-service state: the citizens were not its wards. War and litigation, therefore, put liberty and property in constant jeopardy, and some new principle of association was called for —some special tie to reinforce or replace that of kinship. The tie might take the form of faction; and, in the increasing hazards of ordinary life, the numerous clubs—often actually hostile to the kin, as Thucydides relates—offered mutual protection, especially in the long bitter years of the Peloponnesian War.

Such *philía*, friendship, clearly defined by custom, was very real and binding; on the highest level it made for noble, even spiritual, relationships. Normally, though, one may assume its value would lie in material benefits; for, since there was no insurance, public or private, against sickness, accident, or loss, private aid was the only alternative to personal disaster. Even Socrates—in Xenophon's memoir and in Plato's *Lysis* both—could estimate friendship in terms of usefulness and money-value. Xenophon, his pupil and admirer, quotes him as saying, "what horse, what yoke of oxen, is so good a servant as the good friend? . . . The good friend is on the watch to supply whatever his friend wants for building up his private fortune and forwarding his public career."

Again he asked, "were it not well that one should ask himself how much he is really worth to his friends, and try to make himself as precious as possible, in order that his friends may not be tempted to betray him?"

Not all friendship was prudential and utilitarian; some was for mere joy; and since society was masculine, friendship was often between men and boys—sometimes called homosexual; but, as Père Festugière warns us in his *Personal Religion among the Greeks*, "The strange mixture of friendship and love that we find in Plato's blushing boys . . . could often enough be a sort of romantic love, an affair of the heart rather than of the senses."

A new and profounder estimate of the potentialities of friendship emerged in fourth-century Greece. When Socrates, than whom there was no greater exemplar of the ideal, spoke of making oneself as precious as possible, he was of course not being merely practical; he was also saying that true friendship rests not only on the give and take of fleeting outward benefits but far more upon the exchange of "spiritual" gifts: of goodness, the product of perfection of character. Indeed, he thought of friendship as the basis of all human association. Plato went even farther and made *philía*, whatever form it might take, no mere object in itself but the means in the pursuit of the Ideal Good—the highest object of knowledge and the end of all action.

Aristotle, out of the ten books of his *Nicomachean Ethics*, devotes two to the analysis of friendship. For him, as Hugh Black says in his *Friendship*, a minor nineteenth-century classic, "friendship is not only a beautiful and noble thing for a man, but the realization of it is also the ideal for the state; for if its citizens be friends, then justice, which is the concern of all organized societies, is more than secured. Friendship is thus made the flower of Ethics and the root of Politics."

Even though Aristotle is a bit more down-to-earth, the developed ideal of friendship which grew out of the urgencies of fifth-century life was still an exclusive, aristocratic thing. The literature of antiquity was written not only for an élite, but for a masculine audience. For the world of lesser men it cared but little, and for women not at all. When Aristotle, in the *Ethics*, divides friendship into two species, the perfect, between good men who are friends for each other's own sake, since they are alike in being good, and (on the other hand) the imperfect, between inferior men who make friends for pleasure or for use, he admits that the first is rare, "because such men are few." He also holds "warm friendship possible only with a few . . . and the famous examples

of poetry are pairs of friends." On this the classical mind was in accord: "Who has many friends has no friend" became proverbial.

Although, by turning a true friend into a mere transitory version of a perfect spiritual reality, this idealist philosophy seemed to corroborate the subordination of the individual to the species, the dismayed voices of Plato and Aristotle were actually those of the old Greek world of religious, social, and political unity, the *pólis*, routed and in retreat before forces making for a greater liberation of the individual—forces that for centuries were not to be denied. Throughout the eastern Mediterranean the old world of kinship, cult, and city state was giving way to a world of unstable, rival military despotisms and cosmopolitan urban hives—and to isolation and insecurity for men of all ranks.

Here, in the Hellenistic East, emerged the emancipated or "interim" type of man—"l'homme désencadré," as Festugière calls him in *Liberté chez les Grecs*—"lost in the crowd, a mere number in the midst of an infinity of human beings like himself, who know nothing of him and of whom he knows nothing." He was alone with the burden of life: "sans confidant, sans but, sans raison d'être."

As the individual, without benefit of kith or kin, replaced the family as the significant social unit, he was able—indeed, he was forced—to make the most of his new-found personality, and to test it in the free and equal choice of friends.

In the western Mediterranean, where Rome predominated after the third century B.C., individuation proceeded at a slower pace. Among the Latin peoples, the patriarchal family and clan loyalty still retained much of their ancient force; and the state itself, comparatively a recent thing, was only an extension of the household. As late as the time of Caesar, friendship (*amicitia*) still meant what it had often meant four centuries earlier to the Greeks—party. "*Amicitia*," declares Ronald Syme, "was a weapon of politics, not a sentiment based on congeniality." But the leaven of Hellenic influence was at work among the aristocracy, so that Cicero could set his *Laelius* in the late second century, and put words in the mouth of Scipio Aemilianus that might have come from Academe.

But the Early Empire continued the urban culture of Hellenistic times, and the liberation (or invalidation) of the individual was carried to an extreme until then unknown. This left him truly a private citizen, *privatus*, deprived of kin and cult: alone against a universal state. By way of compensation for these homely forms of community, he was promised peace, justice, and order. These were high, civilized goods;

but cold: leaving the masters of the world dissevered, with little genuine liberty and a diminished human dignity.

Estranged from a polity he could not understand, unable either to participate in general government or successfully oppose it, the citizen turned to such warmer forms of association as a wary despotism had not proscribed.

The aristocratic man at any rate, trained in the literary traditions of Hellas, was likely to take refuge in the philosophic schools. Had they not been, since Pythagorean times, avowedly groups of friends? One in particular held friendship as "a thing ensky'd and sainted"—as an end in itself rather than as a means to virtue or to the knowledge of the Good. This was the school of Epicurus. "Friends are the bodyguard of life," one of the Master's maxims ran. We need friends, he taught, as we need physicians—for the healing of our souls, which is true happiness. Indeed, the philosophy of the Garden, with its sheltered little circles of mutual admiration that included even women, has been described as calling a new family-life into being to replace the old one that had decayed.

But, if the intimacy of clubs and sects was officially suspect, public kitchens and taverns were also repressed by law; and only the baths, under close imperial surveillance, were left. In such a world, crawling with spies and delators, to be sincere and to think out loud was to tempt the gods. It was better to claim no friend; to walk alone.

One refuge yet remained: the Stoic Porch, where men withdrew not into good companionship and the virtues that beget it but into the inner self, the abode of Deity. Stoic morality was thus essentially self-centred. Only the few capable of such discipline were fitted for friendship; for ordinary men, said Epictetus, differ nowise from playful dogs, whose friendship turns to battle when a bit of meat is thrown among them. Indeed, where the absence of wants and emotionless detachment made for moral perfection, the Stoic needed no friend.

To the mass of men, the Porch made even less appeal than the Garden. The average Roman, in the first centuries of the Empire—no more ready for integration on a higher level than his modern parallel in America—turned to something less rigid and austere. In the essay, "On Having Many Friends," in his *Moralia*, Plutarch wrote like a neo-traditionalist of today, lamenting that his fellow Romans of the Flavian age assuaged their social hunger by haphazard contacts based on mere propinquity—"like cattle and crows."

It is the fashion nowadays [he wrote] for men to get the name of friend by drinking a single glass together, or by playing ball or gambling together, or by spending a night under the same roof . . . [or by] picking up a friendship from an inn, gymnasium or market place. . . . In the houses of rich men and rulers, the people see a noisy throng of visitors offering their greetings and shaking hands . . . and they think that those who have so many friends must be happy. Yet they can see a far greater number of flies in these persons' kitchens.

Despite the casual, emotion-meagre "friendships," it was an unhappy life, that of urban men under the Empire; and all the bread and circuses, with the *balnea, vina, Venus* of the Pompeiian inscription thrown in to keep misery away, would not satisfy the longing to escape the burden of anxiety and isolation. Intellectually and emotionally, classical man gradually collapsed. This has been called a "failure of nerve." Indeed, Professor Chester Starr, who has studied the long and painful experiment in individuation of Mediterranean man in his *Civilization and the Caesars*, declares *tout court*, that out of it, "far more than any other factor, came the political, economic, and social decline of the Empire."

Failing true comradeship in this world, the Roman sought a friend behind phenomena: Mithra, Isis, the Logos of the Neoplatonists, and the rest; but by the late fifth century, Christianity had supplanted or subsumed them all.

The explanation may be found in the revolutionary compromise, rightly known as Catholic—"toward the whole": satisfying at once to man's individuality and to his social nature, and restoring the wholeness of living. On the one hand was Christ, the supreme individual, both God and Man, to whom all individuals *as such* were equally precious; on the other hand was the Church, appealing not like the Porch to a few only, but to all men, and uniting man in intimate participation with his fellows in an active and vital community life. Dignity, security, and value were restored to the true believer, in a new version of the world of I-Thou.

Friendship as an ideal, however, the product of classical man's rejection of his primary ties, now went into prolonged eclipse. "Christianity," as Dr. Johnson pontificated, "recommends universal benevolence—to consider all men as our brethren; which is contrary to the virtue of friendship as described by the ancient philosophers." Christians came to call one another not friends, inadequately, but "the brethren." Though friendship was not despised, the new view of man broke with the narrower pagan tradition, which exalted friendship as something Emersonian —concerned with a "circle of godlike men and women, between whom

exists a lofty intelligence"; and it went beyond even the original meaning of *philia*, the love of kin, making *agápe*—spontaneous, uncalculating, inward kindliness and affection, even for enemies—the mainspring of the new order.

For the next thousand years, not only did men continue to find the Christian togetherness satisfying, but the influence of the barbarian migrations confirmed its orientation by the Germanic emphasis upon the kin-group. Even blood-brotherhood was revived, leaving relics in the twelfth-century Arthurian myths and also in Chaucer, who not only subordinated friendship to love, but—in *Palamon and Arcyte* and certain Canterbury Tales—to the love of sworn brothers.

Moreover, until the twelfth century at least, the unsettled and disordered state of Western society—demanding incessant social co-operation, if only for the sake of survival—was altogether inconsistent with the spirit of individualism. As in early Greece and Rome, so in feudal France and Germany among the landholding class, as Marc Bloch showed, "friend" meant kinsman: "mother, brothers, sisters, and others related by blood or feudal alliance."

Friendship as an ideal reappeared when Western civilization attained the acme achieved in classical antiquity and once more produced the differentiated, exploratory, "interim" personality, who rejoiced to recognize his prototype in the ancient world and lustily revivified his humanism. From the fifteenth century on, the whole of the modern age was one of individuation and of its corollary, classicism. Naturally, they brought friendship in their suite (somewhat diminished, to be sure, lacking its former halo, but still trailing incense)—in Montaigne, in Bacon, and in all those modern men of letters nearest in temperament to Greece and Rome. This spirit, pagan or modern, was thoroughly aristocratic. Ideal friendship was never egalitarian; it flourished in a select circle where members of the governing class moved at ease among their peers—in Plato's grove or at Thélème, wherever personal excellence was prized.

Individuation mounted higher and ever higher in modern times. In the sixteenth century the Reformation rejected the authority of the Church and made every man his own priest. The Age of Reason emancipated him—at least if he was "enlightened"—from dependence on revelation, and left him to the pursuit of happiness guided only by his reason. From the eighteenth century on, the new economy not only altered vastly the material conditions of his life, but, under the influence of laissez-faire ideals, transferred what had once been social initiatives to his own shoulders.

This was the heritage of nineteenth-century man. All of it heaped greater and greater burdens upon the individual; but it was exactly this that was the ideal of liberal man: freedom and equality for the person in a highly competitive society. Such a society meant only other autonomous individuals like himself. The individual—each a world in himself—was all; the group was a mere expedient. Liberal man indeed, as Tocqueville wrote, after severing himself from the mass of his fellow-creatures and having "formed a little circle of his own, willingly left society at large to itself."

From this it followed naturally that the nineteenth century abounded in personalities, expressing themselves multifariously, and seeking, through free choice of association, to liberate and strengthen their uniqueness. Inasmuch as the unfettered choice of friends lies at the very roots of personality, the friendship of the age offered a kind of analogue to liberal freedom of trade and contract.

At the same time, the isolation of the individual assumed proportions such as had not been known since the Roman Empire. The more specialized and complex society became, the more marks of stress and insecurity made their appearance in numerous oddities of character, suggesting all sorts of frustrations.

Now in any society, as Professor Cora Du Bois, the Harvard anthropologist, observes,* "the greater the frustration in goal-achievement, the more intense the friendship ties." The higher and more rigid the value-standards, she continues, the more limited will be the extension-dimension of friendship, and as a correlate the intensity of such individuals' friendship will be high. Certainly, friendship was never more cherished than in the nineteenth century, or more articulate; and the rôle of women in it would have amazed Epicurus himself. One thinks of the circle of Dickens or of Mill, and especially of that of Tennyson:

> . . . the divided half of such
> A friendship as had master'd Time.

Quite apart from these purely private shifts, signs of social disillusionment also appeared in the nineteenth century, having their roots in an urbanized society and its competitive, individualistic culture, inwardly lonely and without adequate emotional equivalents for a devaluated family and religious structure.

This was reflected in the two ideologies which, after 1830, swept far

*In her introduction to a preliminary draft of an important co-operative study of friendship, kindly lent me by Dr. Du Bois.

and wide: nationalism and socialism; both claiming to restore the psychical and economic gratifications once derived from kin and cult. Our own century has seen an even more frenzied nationalism; and socialism, shortly joined by fascism, has struck relentlessly at nineteenth-century culture in the name of an ideal life of active solidarity for all, so that liberalism has been gradually reinterpreted or abandoned. One is inevitably reminded of the Hellenistic era and its utopian programmes and social movements that sought to recapture the Arcadian unity of pre-individual life in the city state.

But these movements—nationalism, socialism, and fascism—although we call them mass movements, sprang not from plain folk, nor were they fostered and led by them, but from intellectuals—the Mazzinis, Marxes, and Mussolinis—who felt their individuality closing in upon them. The twentieth century altered this. As the working class rose to prosperity unprecedented in all history, and went on to greater and greater political assertiveness, it undertook a search for unity of its own —a unity quite innocent of ideology, and of fanaticism, its mate, but reflecting the sociable impulses of the average, non-intellectual man—the great majority.

Such a man, unlike the intellectual, had been little influenced by the classico-aristocratic tradition that had engendered and perpetuated the ideal of friendship; and, as he rose to power, he was less and less disposed to recognize the Carlylean "right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser"—that is to say, by those who *had* assimilated that tradition. His own traditions were those of the peasant village, a community of diffused relationships and universal sociability, where intensity of experience and the differentiation of personality that leads to individual perfection are held contrary to the ethic of neighbourliness and the common good. He is Sir Herbert Read's man, who will readily "find safety in numbers, happiness in anonymity, and dignity in routine." His emphasis is on quantity, for are not numbers his virtue? Like primitive man, he accepts his comrades quite uncritically; but like him too, without comrades he would perish. Whatever Aristotle or Polonius may have said, he would retort: to have many friends is both desirable and possible.

The results of this revolution lie before us everywhere, especially in America. Reversing Rousseau's boasted overturn in letters, the shift in our society, in all it parts, has been accordingly from *je* to *on*. Collective life is once more with us, and again the dominant figure is the faceless, undifferentiated man, secure in his sense of belonging to a group; little

influenced by the culture of an enlightened past; mass-made, standardized, stripped of separate identity, but compensated in forms of mass association.

If the nineteenth century, in its quest of reintegration through visionary schemes of exceptional men, was comparable to the Hellenistic age, we live in a likeness of the late Roman Empire—itself the dawning of the Middle Ages—when aristocratic ideals were traded for the egalitarianism of Christianity and its appeasement of the masses' longing for emotional security. In spite of the isolating context of city life, its anonymity and anxiety, in spite of his fitful rootings-up and partings in search of better fortunes, the mass man is really not as lonely as we are sometimes expected to believe; for, as David Riesman says, he is "people-minded," "at home everywhere and nowhere, and capable of a superficial intimacy with and response to everyone." In our society, the ideology of self-sufficiency has given way to "other-directedness"—a way of life sensitive to the actions and wishes of others, and dependent upon them for guidance.

The values of such a society (and few of us escape their constraints) are inevitably external, shallow, and instrumental—values such as may be produced and put about in quantity like merchandise, and as easily understood and enjoyed. Now friendship is a value not susceptible to standardization; it cannot be furnished mechanically for the market.

It is no wonder, then, that by the consensus of our own and foreign observers alike, friendship in America is on a level lower even than Aristotle's "imperfect" species. The "other-directed" man—of whom Willy Loman is the paradigm—makes wanting to be liked not merely an occasional but a primary source of his direction; to be liked, he thinks, is to be successful. Unlike the European, as Geoffrey Gorer says in *The American People*, friendship is for him "less a luxury than a necessity"; but his loyalities are weak, and his friendships mutually exploitative and of low intensity. The American is not friendless in comparison with the European: quite the contrary; but his friendship, as Gorer says, generally "has extension rather than depth, and is founded more on common interests than on congeniality of character."

During the Second World War, according to Dr. Margaret Mead in *Male and Female*, "buddy" relationships between GI's impressed English observers as merely transitory, deriving from "accidents of association rather than . . . any special personality characteristics capable of ripening into real friendship"; and in Korea, as she says, the Chinese captors of American soldiers were likewise struck by the weakness of their

loyalties—based, it seemed, upon mere transient, materialistic values. Here, according to an Army psychiatrist writing in *U.S. News and World Report*, was the real reason why many of our prisoners (as he says) "caved in." If so, is it a mere coincidence that Dale Carnegie's bagman's handbook of instruction in specious amicability, with its "Six Ways to Make People Like You" has been a perennial best-seller?

Considering the transparent paltriness of such participations, it is also no wonder that many, who in other times might have turned to friendship on the classical models for real sympathy and companionship, have looked to marriage. More than one observer has agreed with R. L. Stevenson that, even at its lowest, matrimony is a modern "sort of friendship recognized by the police." But the many signs of strain it manifests seem to show (as a far greater poet had jeered) that "one chained friend" often proves "a jealous foe."

It would seem, then, that there is a to-and-fro in the history of friendship, corresponding to a kind of rhythm of separation and reunion: separation from the primal parent group and constant reunion with this wider, higher, being. We have seen the pendulum swinging from preclassical to classical, classical to mediaeval, mediaeval to modern; and from modern times it swings now toward a future yet unnamed. We have seen the ideal of friendship flourish in the hothouse where individual personality is cultivated, and watched it wither in the climate of intensified social solidarity and diminished personal liberty. It has had provisional existence only, bravely cherishing the second-best. As wholeness is renewed, the need for friendship vanishes.

Inasmuch as the ages of psychological and social integration fill most of historic time, the ages of individualism, associated with Periclean Athens, Rome at its height, and the brief span of modern times, are by contrast short, albeit vivid, interruptions. These are the *interim* ages, with their tentative ethic of friendship.

In fulfilment of present promise, then, further waning of friendship may be expected. After all, "other-directed" contacts and matrimonial expedients, like classical friendship, fall short of the warm, comforting togetherness of the world of Thou—a far older and, as some would contend, a more "natural" form of communion.

Indeed, a return to organic solidarity of sorts seems to be anticipated by most students of the future. Although—as Reginald Churchill says in his recent *Spottgeschichte*, where all the evidence is sifted—there is no *Cambridge Future History* to consult, and reliable monographic studies are also in short supply, we do have at least two authorities of

the highest reputation. Both augur a thin lookout for friendship in the years ahead. In Orwell's study of the fear- and hate-filled world so near, "you do not have friends," as he reports with ominous undertones, "you have comrades"; and in Huxley's disquieting glimpses of the brave new world farther off, all ties except to the state have disappeared, and separate friendship is a perverse depravity. "Community, Identity, and Stability" are the watchwords, and "Everyone belongs to everyone else."

Are these also Shelleyan "mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present?" As the world of Thou comes round again, will it be like this?

WOMEN IN LOVE: A CORRECTED TYPESCRIPT

Herbert Davis

By the kindness of Mr. Douglas Duncan of Toronto I have been able to examine a typescript of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, which he acquired some years ago,* and I have found that it contains enough evidence to show that we may need to modify the generally accepted views of his manner of composition, at least as far as this particular novel is concerned. For instance, in his Introduction to the *Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, Mr. Aldous Huxley remarks that he often heard Lawrence say that "he was incapable of correcting. If he was dissatisfied with what he had written, he did not, as most authors do, file, clip, insert, transpose; he re-wrote. In other words, he gave the daimon another chance to say what it wanted to say." And Dr. Leavis, in his recent book, *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*, which includes an elaborate and valuable study of this novel, although recognizing that *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* in their conception and composition are different from all his later books, in that "they represent . . . an immense labour of art, an untiring solicitude to get things right," nevertheless goes on to say:

> His methods of work were characteristically un-Flaubertian (and un-Joycean). It is plain from the letters and other sources that he went forward rapidly once he had started on an enterprise, writing long stretches in remarkably little time as the creative flow carried him on. The first draft written, he revised, not by correcting locally or reworking parts, but by rewriting the whole with the same kind of creative élan as had gone to the earlier version. His concern clearly was that the whole of himself should be engaged; that the book in its completeness should come from the living being. (P. 18)

That may have been true of *The Rainbow*, which we know was entirely rewritten as a result of Edward Garnett's very harsh criticism of the first

*The author is indebted to Mr. Laurence Pollinger, Literary Executor to the Frieda Lawrence Ravagli Estate, for permission to quote from the manuscript, and to William Heinemann Limited for permission to quote from the printed text, of *Women in Love*.

draft. Lawrence recognized himself that he had not been able to do what he wanted to do; and he was willing to do the whole thing again. When he had finished that, he felt sure of it. He wrote to Garnett triumphantly: "It is a big and beautiful work. . . . as it stands now, there will, if anything, be only small prolixities to cut down." But I doubt whether, even there, he was content only to prune. There are some episodes, some of the most vivid scenes, which seem to me so perfect in their finished shape, that they must have been the result of extremely careful workmanship. And when we turn to this corrected typescript of *Women in Love*, we can observe him not merely throwing out prolixities and turgidities, but sharpening and filing certain phrases, trying different words, changing bits in a conversation, making sometimes minute alterations, as well as rewriting several pages and discarding the earlier draft.

This typescript is evidently one of those copies referred to by Catharine Carswell as "going the round" before the end of 1916. In fact, it is almost certain that it is the actual copy which she received in November, complete then but for the Epilogue, since there are one or two pencilled warning notes in the margin, signed "D. C.," which I assume to be the comments of her husband, Donald Carswell. Lawrence had begun to type it out himself after he had finished the first pencilled draft in the previous July. He had begun it in the spring when he and Frieda were living in a little cottage outside Zennor, near St. Ives in Cornwall, and he mentions it first in a letter to Mark Gertler of April 26: "I am much better in health. This last week I have felt really well, as I have not been for many months. So am very glad. And I began a novel. I will write only when I am very healthy. I will not waste myself." On May 19, he tells Pinker, his agent, that he is half way through, and describes it as "a sequel to the *Rainbow*, though quite unlike it." And on May 24, he writes to Lady Ottoline Morrell: "I have got a long way with my novel. It comes rapidly, and is very good. When one is shaken to the very depths, one finds reality in the unreal world. At present my real world is the world of my inner soul, which reflects on to the novel I write." On June 19, in a letter to Catharine Carswell, he reports happily that it is nearly finished: "It has come rushing out, and I feel very triumphant in it." And by the end of the month he is thinking of asking Duckworth to undertake its publication, and hoping for some money from him to go on with. Finally on July 9, he writes to Catharine Carswell again: "I have finished my novel, and am going to try to type it. It will be a labour—but we have no money. But I am asking Pinker for some. And if it bores me to type the novel, I shan't do it. There is a last chapter to write, some time, when one's heart is not so contracted."

He struggled on with it till the fall, but then at the end of October sent the latter half of the manuscript to Pinker to be typed, and added some characteristic comments upon it.

> It is a terrible and horrible and wonderful novel. You will hate it and nobody will publish it. But there, these things are beyond us.
>
> Mrs. Lawrence wants it to be called *Dies Irae*.

It is perhaps well in reading the book to remember this remark and the letters that Lawrence had written on October 11 to Catharine Carswell and to Middleton Murry. In the first he had referred to the novel with confidence: "I feel that when it is finished, I have knocked the first loop-hole in the prison where we are all shut up. But I shall do it—I feel a bubbling of gladness inside. Frieda and I are in accord—it needs a man and a woman to create anything—there is nothing can be created, save of two, a two-fold spirit." And to Murry: "Frieda and I have finished the long and bloody fight at last, and are at one. It is a fight one has to fight—the old Adam to be killed in me, the old Eve in her—then a new Adam and a new Eve. Till the fight is finished, it is only honourable to fight. But, oh dear, it is very horrible and agonizing." In his November letters he often refers to the book as finished and adds various comments: "I *hated* the typing, so took to scribbling in pencil. Then there was a lot of the original draft that I *couldn't* have bettered. Pinkers are typing it out for me. . . . Shall keep the title *Women in Love*. The book frightens me: it is so end-of-the-world. But it is, it must be, the beginning of a new world too." To Pinker he is content to leave it. "You will do as you think best about the novel. I don't suppose anybody will be dying to publish it, though it is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Perhaps the faithful Duckworth will rise up and be noble." However, the publishers seem to have been nervous about it, for on December 19, he made an appeal to Lady Cynthia Asquith:

> . . . I wonder if you could help me in another little matter? I have finished and sent in the novel, *Women in Love*, which is more or less a sequel to *The Rainbow*. It is a very fine piece of work, and I will stand by it for ever. But there is the same danger ahead as ever; it is, perhaps, almost as likely to be suppressed as was *The Rainbow*; which seems to me monstrous, a serious and profound piece of work like that. I wondered if I could dedicate it to some patron, in the old-fashioned way, and so secure it some patronage which would save it from the barkings of the little newspaper curs. Do you know anybody of any weight or importance, who would take it under his, or her protection, so far as to accept a serious dedication? It is a much finer book than *The Rainbow*, and I would rather it were never published at all than insulted by petty dogs as that was. However, in your mad scurry of train-catching, you might think it over for me. . . .

But in January 1917 he seems to have given up all hope of publication except perhaps in America; and he was then trying to get permission to go there. This was refused; and there are no further references to the novel until September 1919, when he reports to Lady Cynthia Asquith: "Martin Secker will bring out *Women in Love* in the spring. Probably it will come out this autumn in America." On December 27, 1919, he hears that Secker is willing to print *The Rainbow*, and suggests that the two books should be brought out together. "Mackenzie said you thought of printing the *Rainbow*. Do that, and you have my eternal allegiance. He suggests it be called *Women in Love*, Vol. I with a foreword by himself. I think *Women in Love*, Vol. I and Vol. II, is a very good idea. I am anxious to hear from you. If you do this, the *Rainbow* as a Vol. I of *Women in Love*, then I must make a sort of permanent agreement with you." And the same day he writes a note to Pinker, suggesting that their agreement should come to an end. We are not concerned here with the proposals he made to Secker and their difficulties in coming to an agreement, which was finally settled and accepted by Lawrence in a note dated Easter Monday, 1920. On the 24th of May he writes to Secker that he has been thinking about the title and is willing to have it changed to *Day of Wrath*, with the motto—

> Dies irae, dies illa
> Solvet saeclum in favilla.

Meanwhile plans had been going ahead for a privately printed edition to appear in America in 1,250 numbered copies. This appeared before the end of 1920, without any indication of printer or publisher, but simply the imprint on the title-page: "New York—Privately printed for subscribers only—1920"; and on the verso: "Copyright, 1920, by D. H. Lawrence—All Rights Reserved." In 1921, the first English edition was published by Martin Secker.

Such is the story of the composition and publication of the book, between 1916 and 1921. The typescript actually consists of separate sheets, about 8″ by 10″, of a variety of paper, some being the first copy, some being blue or purple carbon copies. There is no reference to any of these particular kinds of paper being used for the manuscripts described in Tedlock's book, *The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts*; though the manuscript of *Studies in Classical American Literature*, written in 1917, is described as written on unruled paper of this size, marked "Excelsior / Superfine / British Make," and the first pages of this typescript consist of paper with the mark "Ex-

celsior / Fine / British Make." The sheets are tied or stapled together in large sections, the first six of which, as far as page 368, on a variety of papers, look like Lawrence's own typing. The remaining sections are done on better paper, marked "Grade One," and are clearly the work of Pinker's typist. The last section on unmarked heavy paper, consisting of pages 659–66, contain the Epilogue, not written until later.

The typescript is headed at the top of the first page THE SISTERS. This Lawrence crossed out and wrote above in ink in his own hand, *Women in Love*. The first three pages are almost entirely rewritten in ink between the lines of the typescript, and there are further heavy corrections and large changes throughout the first chapter. It is at once obvious that this was certainly his working copy; the odd thing about it is that the first half is so mixed. It looks as if Lawrence made several carbon copies and let them all get mixed up. The second chapter, for instance, pages 36–93, consists of sheets tied together with strings at the top and bottom, and is partly the first copy in black, and partly carbon copies in blue or purple. Chapters III, V, and VI are also first copy; chapters IV, VII, and part of VIII carbon copies. Some of the corrections are clearly in the German hand of Frieda Lawrence; and when, for example, on page 125, she inserts a correction of a correction, we realize that the changes were not made at one revision, but that there were several stages. Here and there a reader, perhaps one of the Carswells, has corrected a mis-spelling, or an error in typing; or occasionally questioned a phrase, by underlining with the short strokes of a purple pencil. Thus an awkward phrase "the whole of boorishness" is removed, but the bridegroom remains "a clean-shaven naval man" in spite of the warnings of the purple pencil.

Dr. Leavis has very rightly drawn attention to the mastery of the novelist's art shown by Lawrence in the opening pages; here, in the conversation between the two sisters, "the novel is decisively launched." Nevertheless, it did not come easily; more than half of the first three pages of the typescript are worked over with the utmost care, and even the slightest adjustments add to its effect, such as the first remark of Gudrun's—"don't you ever want to get married?"—which was changed to "don't you *really want* to get married?" And then:

> "I don't know," she replied. "What do you mean, 'to get married'?"
> "It always means the same thing, doesn't it?" asked Gudrun lightly. "Don't you think you might have a better time than you have now?"

which is changed to this:

"I don't know," she replied. "It depends what [*printed* how] you mean." Gudrun was slightly taken aback. She watched her sister for some moments.

"Well," she said huffily [*printed* ironically] "it usually means the same [*later* one] thing! But don't you think anyhow, you'd be"—she frowned slightly—"well, in a better position than you are in now?" [In this last line, "frowned" finally becomes "darkened," and "well" is omitted.]

A shadow came over Ursula's face.

"I might," she said, "But I'm not sure. . . ."

And then in the first version the conversation continued:

"Oh well," laughed Gudrun, "are you sure of anything?"

"Yes" said Ursula, more to herself than to her sister. "I'm sure a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." And she gleamed with pleasure over her own witticism. Gudrun looked up to see whether she were serious, or had merely made a slip of the tongue.

"I think it is," laughed Gudrun, "I hate having a bird in my hand."

"And while I am by myself," resumed Ursula, "I am more or less a bird in the bush."

"I love your romantic names for yourself," said Gudrun, pausing to rub out a piece of her drawing. "Don't you find them a great help?"

"Very," replied Ursula. "But I don't really want to marry, do you?"

"No very active desire," replied Gudrun. "But would you refuse a good offer?"

"Oh yes, inevitably!" cried Ursula. "What a horrible thought!"

"But have you ever had one?"

"Oh yes, three."

"Really good offers?" asked Gudrun.

"I think so—as far as you ever can tell."

This passage is crossed out and the following written in above with ink:

Again Gudrun paused, baffled, slightly irritated. She wanted to solve her own questions by putting them to her sister.

These two sentences are adjusted again in the printed text:

Again Gudrun paused, slightly irritated. She wanted to be quite definite.

The revised typescript continues:

"You don't think one needs the *experience* of marriage [*later* having been married]?" she asked.

"Do you think it would [*later* need] *be* an experience?" replied Ursula.

"Bound to be in some way or other," said Gudrun [*printed* coolly]. "Possibly undesirable but bound to be an experience of some sort."

"Not really," said Ursula. "More likely to be the end of experience."

Gudrun sat very still, to attend to this.

"Of course," she said, "there's *that* to consider."

This brought the conversation to a close. Gudrun, almost angrily, took up her rubber and began to rub out part of her drawing. Ursula stitched absorbedly.

"You wouldn't even accept [*printed* consider] a good offer?" said Gudrun.

"I think I've rejected several," said Ursula.

"Really! A decent man and a decent establishment? Have you really?" [*printed* "*Really!*" Gudrun flushed dark—"But anything really worthwhile? Have you *really?*"]

"A thousand a year, and an awfully nice man. I liked him awfully," said Ursula.

"Really! But weren't you fearfully tempted?"

"In the abstract—but not in the concrete," said Ursula. "When it comes to the point, one isn't even tempted—oh, if I were tempted, I'd marry like a shot.—I'm only tempted *not* to."

The faces of both sisters shone with [*printed* suddenly lit up with] a transcendent kind of [kind of *omitted in printed text*] amusement.

"Isn't it an amazing thing," cried Gudrun, "how strong the temptation is, not to [marry *omitted in printed text*]!" They both laughed, looking at each other. In their hearts they were frightened.

A little further on, exactly the same sort of changes are made in rewriting the third page of the typescript. The situation is not altered; the theme of their remarks remains the same, but the tone is subtly changed, and the narrator allows himself to add little descriptive strokes, which make us more vividly aware of the difference in the two sisters' state of mind: the calmness of Ursula and the irritation of Gudrun, flushing and angrily rubbing out her drawing.

Some of the changes in the description of Gudrun's striking and original colour schemes in her dresses seem hardly adequate, if these were an attempt to avoid the identification of a particular person. In the first description of her dress, "blue silk lace in the neck and sleeves" is changed to "blue and green linen lace" in the printed text; and her stockings instead of being "cherry-coloured" are "emerald-green"; her large hat, at first "rose red beaver" is changed into "grass-green velour." But particularly the "rose stockings" are always changed to "green." When Gerald's "black and orange" blazer is simply altered to "black and brown," it must, I suppose, be that Lawrence did not want him to appear in Murry's old college blazer!

Sometimes, for example in chapters III and IV, the corrections are mainly verbal, entered, I think, in two different hands, certainly at different times, and not at all the kind of thing one would ever expect to find Lawrence doing; yet I think always with a sure instinct for the better, simpler word. When Birkin is watching Ursula in her class-room,

"He looked at her with a little new wonder, feeling young in his heart," is changed to "with a new pleasure, feeling gay. . . ."

Then she is described watching him, in a sentence or two rather heavy with adjectival epithets:

> Ursula watched his quiet, absorbed progress. There was a stillness about him that hushed most of the voices of her heart. She seemed to be standing aside in a complete silence, watching him move in his own still, separate world. . . . her heart hastened at the natural energy of his voice.

This becomes in the final form of the printed text:

> Ursula watched his intent progress. There was a stillness in his motion that hushed the activities of her heart. She seemed to be standing aside in arrested silence, watching him move in another concentrated world. . . . her heart quickened at the flicker of his voice.

Sometimes he is equally successful in improving a passage by elimination—here a word, and there a phrase. Sometimes that is not enough, and a couple of sentences are carefully worked over, as in the beginning of chapter VI:

> Gerald moved in his slow, observant glad-looking motion down between the pale-topped tables. . . . He seemed to be almost floating in some strange element, drifting like a spirit in a dim new liberty, . . .

Here, first "glad-looking" is changed to "glistening-attentive," and "pale-topped," "almost," and "like a spirit" are crossed out. Then in the printed text this sentence is altered again: "He seemed to be entering in some strange element, passing into an illuminated new region, . . ."

Sometimes it is only a moment's conversation that needs to be straightened out; but this may require a lot of tinkering, until he is finally satisfied. Gerald had asked Birkin if he thinks his mother is abnormal. In its first version the conversation continues thus:

> "I think she only wanted something more, or other than the common run of life. And not getting it, she is all thwarted and warped."
>
> "And produces a brood of thwarted and warped children," he said gloomily.
>
> "So do most people nowadays—particularly people who have something in them. If you want to be normal, and successful in life, in living, you must be sufficiently small and sufficiently commonplace."
>
> "Otherwise your life is a bloody curse to yourself and everybody else," said Gerald, with sudden bitterness.
>
> "Well," laughed Birkin, "everybody else doesn't matter, if you can get it right for yourself."

In the typescript this has been corrected in the hand of Frieda Lawrence:

". . . And not getting it, she has gone wrong perhaps."
"After producing a brood of wrong children," said Gerald gloomily.
"No more wrong than any of the rest of us," Birkin replied. "If you want to be normal, as things are, you must be a commonplace fool or you won't fit."
"And if you don't fit, your life is a bloody curse to yourself and everybody else," said Gerald with sudden anger.
"Rubbish," said Birkin, "your life isn't a curse to *you*. Don't flatter yourself. And I wish it *were* a curse to everybody else. I hate the everybody else of this life. Only your life's a blessing even to them."

In the final text, as printed, this latter part is again adjusted:

"No more wrong than any of the rest of us," Birkin replied. "The most normal people have the worst subterranean selves, take them one by one."
"Sometimes I think it is a curse to be alive," said Gerald, with sudden impotent anger.
"Well," said Birkin, "why not! Let it be a curse sometimes to be alive—at other times it is anything but a curse. You've got plenty of zest in it really."
"Less than you'd think," said Gerald, revealing a strange poverty in his look at the other man.

The reason for the change is not always obvious. In the first place it is prompted by the desire to remove a blemish, an awkwardness or banality; and the change may not always be very significant. But sometimes it provides the opportunity to add a slight stroke, which will modify the effect of the portrait as it is being built up; or even to emphasize something so that we cannot forget it, as here, where Gerald is made to "reveal a strange poverty in his look at the other man."

Gerald is described again very vividly in chapter IX, as he forces his mare back to face the train at the level crossing, while the two girls watch him with horror. First Lawrence had written: "[his face] calm and serene with an evil serenity"; then, "stubborn with pleasant serenity."

But he was not content with that, though that is the last reading in the typescript; in the printed text, however, it has become "shining with fixed amusement." And the following phrase: "at last he drove her down, drove her down, and was pressing her back to the mark," takes this final shape in the printed text: "at last he brought her down, sank her down, and was bearing her back to the mark." This is a well-known passage and perhaps it is interesting to note the care with which it has been revised. Another instance a little further on, shows minute changes

with, I think, a greater precision in the effect: "An ugly *gleam* came on Gerald's face" was corrected in the typescript to "*look*," then finally "a sharpened look." In the next sentence, "he bit himself down on the mare with iron determination," first "iron" is eliminated and finally in the printed version the phrase is removed and instead we get a precise image—"like a keen edge biting home"; and at the end of the paragraph, in the final version, he adds again, another image—"Yet he seemed calm as a ray of cold sunshine." Then as we read on after the exciting moment is over and the girls are walking on down the road, we find another final addition, which gathers up and justifies these slighter changes (pp. 116–17):

> Gudrun was as if numbed in her mind by the sense of indomitable soft weight of the man, bearing down into the living body of the horse: the strong, indomitable thighs of the blond man clenching the palpitating body of the mare into pure control; a sort of soft white magnetic domination from the loins and thighs and calves, enclosing and encompassing the mare heavily into unutterable subordination, soft blood-subordination, terrible.

Throughout this chapter, the final revision has been very careful. This part of the typescript contains no remarks by any of its readers; but one can imagine that some of these early attempts to stun us into feeling would have come in for violent protest from Edward Garnett and some of Lawrence's most sympathetic readers.

Often the changes are made in order to throw out turgidities of emotion. It is not easy to make us understand Gudrun's half-repulsive feeling for the mining town, her realization of these men of the underworld.

> In their voices she could hear the voluptuous resonance of darkness, the strong, potent darkness of the senses, mindless and feline. The whole atmosphere was an atmosphere of men, one seemed to breathe the electric fluid of maleness in the air.
>
> It was the same every evening when she came home, she seemed to move through a wave of virile intensity, that was given off from the presence of thousands of passionate, emotional, semi-conscious men. There was a strange glamour possessed the world at evening, at tea-time, when work was over. She sipped her tea with a curious, magic relish, everything was rich with an intangible potency.

That sounds to me almost like a parody of Lawrence; and out it goes. All those words like passionate, glamour, magic, potency, virile intensity, are eliminated, as he struggles to reach a more precise statement. Here is the same passage as printed in 1920:

In their voices she could hear the voluptuous resonance of darkness, the strong, dangerous underworld, mindless, inhuman. They sounded also like strange machines, heavy, oiled. The voluptuousness was like that of machinery, cold and iron.

It was the same every evening when she came home, she seemed to move through a wave of disruptive force, that was given off from the presence of thousands of vigorous, underworld, half-automatised colliers, and which went to the brain and the heart, awakening a fatal desire, and a fatal callousness.

And then as if to symbolize the whole change in these paragraphs, he alters a rather trite figure into a more literary one: "Sometimes she beat her wings like a fly stuck on a fly-paper" being changed into "like a new Daphne, turning not into a tree but a machine." In the rest of this original chapter IV, which became in the final arrangement chapter IX, a great deal is eliminated and some paragraphs of the original draft shortened. Later it may have been difficult for Lawrence to revise anything, he preferred to rewrite the whole thing; but at this time he set himself deliberately to shorten the book in its final form. It is interesting to examine the kind of material he was willing to sacrifice. As the whole chapter consists of a conversation between Birkin and Ursula on the island, the problem is not a difficult one. Certain sections are simply cut, such as this for example: after watching the daisies floating on the water, which he had plucked and dropped on to the pond, and she has cried out "Why do I think them so lovely?" he simply remarks:

"They are nice flowers," her emotional tones putting a restraint on him.

Originally Lawrence had carried on the conversation thus:

"I always have a special feeling for them," he said. "I always think a daisy is like the choirs of angels that circle round the Most High."

"Why?" she exclaimed. It seemed far-fetched and outlandish.

"The yellow ones for the Cherubim, and the white rays the Seraphim, standing round the Presence, then outside are the leaves and the grass, all the Hierarchies and the Powers, stretching ad infinitum. It is a good figure of heaven, in the plant world."

"How very amusing!" she cried. But she mistrusted this talk of angels and Cherubim and Hierarchies.

And again a little further on, he comes back to this:

"Well then, there you are," he said. "The daisy is a perfect concord, circling round the Invisible, circling in rings in their proper order, the yellow ones palpitating with the Presence, absorbed in praise, the white ones transmitting the Glory, the green sepals like Hierarchies sheltering the Mystery,

and the leaves and the grass around are the Multitudes and the Powers. What more do you want, for heaven?"

"Yes but," Ursula laughed, "what is the Most High, in the centre?"

"The invisible. But it is there, how would they have their wonderful centrality, otherwise? But it is purely unknowable. Only, you know it *is*."

"It's a dark horse, in fact," said Ursula, who had a grudge against mysticism in every form.

"Completely dark," he replied. "The old painters quite messed up the show by putting a man-god in the middle."

"Old and unexciting," said Ursula.

"No—not necessarily. Fra Angelico's is about forty, Raphael's even younger. I expect they all thought the Most High was a little older than themselves."

"Oh but I love Fra Angelico's angels," cried Ursula, "they are so gay and tripping."

All this is cut and about three more pages of the typescript, containing a discussion of knowledge, sensational knowledge and conscious knowledge; and a great deal of play with the paradox that only by knowing everything can you escape from the burden of self-consciousness, only by making conscious your experience to the very last can you "fall like a ripe seed into the unknown creativity."

In these passages there are corrections made in the hand of Lawrence and in the hand of Frieda, probably at different times, and a final cutting and rewriting may well have taken place in 1919, when the manuscript was being prepared for the printer in America. It was probably at that time that he cut out the comment on *Moby Dick*—which he had discussed in his book on *Classic American Literature*, first printed in the *English Review* for 1918 and 1919.

They were silent for many minutes, she stiff and unable to accept him. His concentration broke, he began to glance over the books on the shelves. The whole tension disappeared.

"Have you ever read Herman Melville's 'Moby Dick'?" he asked, in a quick animated voice. He had relaxed altogether from his other thoughts.

"No," she said, disappointed and rather angry.

He noticed her muted voice. But he was irritated and angry too. He wanted to have done, for the time being. He wanted to be superficial, to ignore any further realisation with her.

"It is astonishingly good," he said. "It surprises me how much older, overripe and withering into abstraction, this American classic literature is than English literature of the same time. It seems as if the slip of the old tree ran more swiftly into last old age, when it was transplanted to America, than the parent tree itself did here."

"Something else will come in its place," said Ursula sullenly.

The substituted passage (p. 153) is almost exactly the same length and therefore looks as though it were a final adjustment in the proofs:

His concentration broke, he began to look at her simply and naturally, . . .

This theme is developed further in two more sections of this same chapter.

Instead of the light comedy stuff of the first version, he puts in a passage charged with rather more serious irritation and conflict, as Ursula catches his phrase about woman being like a star in its orbit. She points her finger at him and taunts him.

"There you are. A satellite—a satellite of Mars—that's what she is to be. You've said it, you've dished yourself."

Instead of this lively outburst, he had originally:

"Spiritually, Adam preceded Eve. The spirit came first, then the flesh, and out of the reunion came understanding. That is the whole of the creation myth."

"And the woman of course is the flesh?"

"Yes."

"She is not the understanding at all—that is purely male?"

"She is the understanding in the flesh. The pure, final understanding, she is *not*. That is male—when it exists at all."

Ursula dropped him a curtsey.

"Thank you," she said, "Thank you, you higher being. I must knock my head on the ground before you, mustn't I? May I speak at all in your pure presence, you higher being?"

"Yes, you say what you like. It doesn't alter things."

"May I? May I actually say what I like? May I? Thank you, your highness thank you, your holiness, thank you, you almighty being."

I cannot illustrate the changes made in fully two pages of the final text before the end of this chapter. I can only make the comment that they are not tinkering, but replacements or additions enabling him to develop more fully his main theme here—the commitment involved in love—and at the same time to end it dramatically in a way which is a little more satisfying than the rather coy restraint of the first version.

"But," he said, "I can still dance a *pas seul* on the grave of my era—or a *pas de deux*, if you please."

"We'll make it a *pas de deux*," she cried.

"Good then," he said.

Some of the conversations took their final shape only after a great deal of reworking. For instance, in the conversation between Gerald and Birkin, about the possibility of hiring Gudrun as a private tutor for his

young sister, one page of the typescript has been crossed through and another version written in above the lines in Frieda's hand; and some sections have been first revised then deleted, and whole sentences once more rewritten and once more corrected. The subject of their conversation at this point is really the feeling of social inferiority, about which Lawrence is said to have been very sensitive at this time; that sensitivity may account for the difficulty he has in putting their comments into a form with which he could be satisfied. This is the first version in the typescript:

"At all events, father won't make her feel like a private servant. He will be humble and grateful enough."

"So ought you all to be. A servant is a servant, an equal is an equal. It is a case of soul, not of money or position. There are plenty of servants to hire, more than half the world if it's servants you want. But if you want an equal to do something for you, you acknowledge the gift."

"It wouldn't be a gift."

"It would be a gift—how dare you? It would be a gift even if you paid a thousand pounds for it."

"Why?"

"She is your equal—she helps you—you thank her."

"Do I?" laughed Gerald. "All right, then I do. I admit she *is* my equal, even though she is a teacher, and her father is a teacher as well."

"It is the same whether you admit it or not. And you mind that she isn't your superior."

But this hurt Gerald, because he was afraid.

Then is substituted in Frieda's hand:

"At all events, father won't make her feel like a private servant. He will be fussy and grateful enough."

"So he ought to be. And so ought all of you. Do you think you can hire a woman like Gudrun Brangwen with money? She's the superior of most of your sisters anyway."

"Is she?"—he didn't like it.

"She is and if you haven't the guts to know it, I hope she'll leave you to your own devices."

The next sentence—"Nevertheless," said Gerald, "if she is my equal, I wish she weren't a teacher, because I don't think teachers as a rule are my equal."—was originally followed by a passage of ten lines, some corrected in Lawrence's hand, and then the whole crossed out:

"Nor do I, damn them. They are mostly hopeless inferiors, servants. But that's how it is, one has a few equals in the world, and one has to take them where one finds them, and be mortally thankful for them. For it is death in life to associate with nothing but one's eternal inferiors—no matter who they

be, wage-earners or income-holders or professors [*changed to* men with money or profession]."

"Do you think so many people are your inferiors?" asked Gerald.

"Spiritually [*changed to* Essentially], I do—nearly everybody. Don't you?"

"I don't know," laughed Gerald.

"Then find out. You'll be the happier with an equal when you find one —which won't be often." [*Changed to* "Don't you? Why?"]

Finally this is all replaced by one phrase written in later in Frieda's hand: "Nor do I, damn them. But am I a teacher because I teach, or a parson because I preach. It bores me—" And of this the last three words are omitted in the printed version.

The next paragraph, which sums it all up in a comment on Gerald, was tinkered with over and over again. Originally it ran:

Gerald laughed. In spite of himself, this pleased him. It pleased him to think most of his acquaintances were his congenital inferiors, and that with Birkin and Gudrun he could turn round and look at them and see them in their proper place, in their proper proportion. He formed a new standard, almost an artist in his independence [*changed to* almost won a liberation in his new idea].

This is crossed out, and the following is written in above the lines in the the hand of Frieda:

Gerald laughed. He was always uneasy on this score. He did not want to claim social superiority and he would not claim essential superiority, because that seemed conceited and priggish. So he fell back upon a tacit assumption of social standing. Now Birkin wanted him to accept the fact of intrinsic inequality between human beings, which he did not intend to accept. It was against his social honour, his creed [*changed to* principle]."

But he was still not content, and there are a number of strictly verbal changes in the text as finally printed. In the third sentence "want" and "would" are italicized; "essential" becomes "intrinsic personal"; "that seemed conceited and priggish" becomes "he would never base his standard of values on pure being." Finally, "fell back" becomes "wobbled"; and "inequality" becomes "difference."

Whether or not Lawrence succeeded in making these tiny verbal changes "with the same kind of creative élan"—to borrow Dr. Leavis' phrase—as had gone into the original version I do not know; but it seems clear that he was willing to take the risk of tampering with the original inspiration by subjecting it to the process of normal revision, in the hope of clarifying or intensifying or simply improving what he had first set down.

It is true, on the other hand, that even in this book the best of the

revisions are probably those sections where he has finally given up tinkering and discarded the first version entirely to replace it by fresh work, which was probably done just before the manuscript in its final shape was sent to the printer—that is to say, three years after the work contained in this typescript. A good example of this is the early part of chapter XVI, containing three pages of Birkin's meditations while he was ill, entirely replacing three pages of the typescript, the first of which had already been considerably corrected. In this earlier version Birkin's thoughts had been occupied with the problem of the relationship between man and woman as he had experienced it with Hermione and now with Ursula. "Was not woman the creator of man, did she not bring him forth?" "Did not woman both in creation and in understanding precede man, did she not produce him?" And yet he was humiliated by the feeling of being loved even in equality by a woman; he wanted something different, "an absolute surrender, unconditional." "He would put her down, claim her vassalage."

In the final version he attacks the "old way of love" rather differently. It was "a dreadful bondage . . . a hot narrow intimacy . . . the repulsive privacy of domestic and connubial satisfaction." "He wanted a further conjunction, where man had being and woman had being, two pure beings each constituting the freedom of the other. . . ." Then Lawrence picks up the theme of the original version and reshapes it entirely; there is no more tinkering but the easy flow of a fresh creation. "Woman, the Great Mother of everything"—that is the theme:

> It filled him with almost insane fury, this calm assumption of the Magna Mater, that all was hers, because she had borne it. Man was hers because she had borne him. A Mater Dolorosa, she had borne him, a Magna Mater, she now claimed him again, soul and body, sex, meaning and all. . . .
>
> . . . Hermione, the humble, the subservient . . . claiming with horrible, insidious arrogance and female tyranny, her own again. . . .
>
> And Ursula, . . . the awful, arrogant queen of life, as if she were a queen bee on whom all the rest depended.

Similarly in chapter XXIII, which he called EXCURSE, we may see the effect of this working over of deeply felt experience to shape and mould it nearer to its perfect form, in kindling afresh the fires of poetic creation to provide at last in this final effort a whole new scene, which seems more acceptable, more fitting even to the original inspiration on which it is grafted, than the earlier non-dramatic attempt to argue out conversationally the dangerous divergencies in "the poignant ecstasies of sex passion," and his desire for a newer, gentler possession as the true consummation of marriage.

There is certainly never in these revisions or rewritings any attempt to modify the original text in a way which should cover things more fittingly for the eye of the censor; and it always irked him that most editions of *The Rainbow* were still published in mutilated form. "I should really be best pleased," he said, "if it were never reprinted at all and only those blue, condemned volumes remained extant." But there were a number of changes made in the original text, on the recommendation of some of Lawrence's friends, to avoid unnecessary trouble, which might have arisen because of his carelessness in using actual names of places and people. There are one or two notes signed "D. C."—presumably Donald Carswell—calling attention to such things in the London scenes.

There is a Café Imperial. Better get another name, otherwise there may be trouble. D. C.

Lord Cardigan. Change this name. The Cardigan peerage is extinct I think, but the Balaklava's hero's relatives would have a grievance. Enough trouble has been brought on the name by her late scurrilous ladyship. D. C.

Certain names remained (for example, the Pussum), and certain persons are vividly described as he had remembered them on a particular occasion, so that after the book appeared Philip Heseltine threatened action on the ground that the Julius Halliday of chapter VI was a portrait of himself. Before the English edition was reprinted in November 1921 therefore Lawrence tried to hide this a bit by certain slight changes: The Pussum's "dark, soft hair" becomes "fair, close hair" or, in another place "shiny yellow"; her peach-coloured jumper is changed to "rich yellow" and her name is changed (except where once or twice it was overlooked) to Minette. In the description of Halliday the "pale, full-built young man with solid fair hair" becomes "a swarthy slender young man with solid black hair," but further on the "heavy fair young man" is still there. It is not surprising that the portrait of Hermione did not altogether please the lady of Garsington Manor, when she apparently was allowed to read the novel in typescript; but Lawrence did nothing about this, and the lady, according to Catharine Carswell, did nothing worse than invite Pinker, Lawrence's agent, to Garsington "just that he might see how unlike the lady of the Manor was to the lady in the book . . . and the lady, being great, recovered."

Some changes are difficult to understand. In chapter XXIX, at Innsbruck, waking in the morning Gudrun hears outside "somebody singing, in a manly, reckless handsome voice"; and in the typescript, the words he sang follow, a common ballad, perhaps odd in Austria, a stanza from

"Schaffhausen an dem Rhein." This is crossed through, and Lawrence has written in ink at the side:

> Ich hab' die Nacht gemahlen
> Mit zwei so wunderschönen Knaben
> Vom Abend bis zum Tag
> Dass ich nicht aufsteh'n mag.

But in the printed version yet another stanza is substituted:

> Mach mir auf, mach mir auf, du Stolze,
> Mach mir ein Feuer von Holze.
> Vom Regen bin ich nass
> Vom Regen bin ich nass.

And when they talk about Herr Loerke's great frieze for a factory in Köln, it is first described as " a village attacked by wolves, great naked men, ten feet high, fighting with a horde of wolves, and women running, falling, and a rush of wolves sweeping all like a storm driving in a shaggy whirl across the whole frieze." I suppose this is an actual design that he had seen, and it may have been thought better to remove this clue to the identification of Herr Loerke and give an imaginary subject, the "representation of a fair, with peasants and artizans in an orgy of enjoyment, drunk and absurd in their modern dress, whirling ridiculously in roundabouts, gaping at shows, kissing and staggering and rolling in knots, swinging in swing-boats and firing down shooting galleries, a frenzy of chaotic motion."

There is one other marginal note by an early reader of the typescript in chapter XII, where Gudrun is thinking of the "mystic priestesses of love" or, as it later became, "the exoteric exponents of love"—Cleopatra and Mary Stuart and Eleonora Duse, "panting with her lovers after the theatre." Opposite this line is written "This is a grave libel," and in the printed text the name has been changed to "the great Rachel." And I think I can detect a correction in the text made by some other reader, a pencilled crossing out and writing above unlike any other of the manuscript changes: "She would stifle it and bury it, like Hetty Sorrell did" —"like" is of course changed to "as." I think Lawrence certainly wrote "like"—it is a good example of a common usage in the Midlands. A little further there is another pedantic correction in the same hand: "That was the question—wohin? where to? wohin? What a lovely word!"—"where to" has been crossed out by the same pencil, and "whither?" written above—and this correction also appears in the final text.

In the last sections of the typescript the corrections made by Lawrence

in ink are mainly verbal alterations; but one passage is wholly rewritten. He may have felt it necessary to point more directly here to the coming climax.

> Gerald had penetrated all the outer darkness of Gudrun's soul. But the inner darkness, the utter night of her central desire, what was that? It was a secret Gerald was not created to penetrate, a riddle he could not solve, save in the Alexandrian process of cutting the Gordian knot, of murdering her, of securing death and the solution in one spasm of violation.
>
> And against this Gudrun reserved herself. She was not going to be solved by having her inner sanctuary smashed open by the violation of rude death. Death must come in knowledge, subtly, bringing its own fulfillment step by step. It must be a slow, exquisite process of experience, this perfect consummation in death, this last unthinkable partaking in death with the bridegroom, the murderer and the lover.

This dreadful passage is ruled through and the following written in ink above the lines:

> He was to her the most crucial instance of the existing world, the ne plus ultra of the world of man as it existed for her. In him she knew the world, and had done with it. Knowing him finally she was the Alexander seeking new worlds.—But there *were* no new worlds, there were only new isolated individuals now, tense, dark fragments like Loerke. The world was finished now, for her. There was only the inner, individual darkness, sensation within the ego, the obscene religious mystery, the outer world gone.
>
> All this Gudrun knew in her subconsciousness, not in her mind. She knew her next step—she knew what she should move on to, when she left Gerald. She was afraid of Gerald, that he might kill her. But she did not intend to be killed. A fine thread still united her to him. It should not be *her* death which broke it.—She had further to go, a further, slow, exquisite experience to reap, unthinkable subtleties of sensation to know, before she was finished.

At the first writing Lawrence stopped after the death of Gerald, but felt that something had still to be added; writing to Pinker on November 13, 1916, he said: "The novel will have an epilogue—a small last chapter. But that I don't want to write until the whole is sent in to the printer: and heaven knows when that will be." It must have been written soon after that, I suppose, as there is a final chapter XXXI, short, only eight pages of the typescript. There are some corrections in Lawrence's hand and the last page is mainly written over again. It begins as in the published version; it finishes with the lament of Birkin over the dead body of his friend. Lawrence evidently struggled with it, leaving it and trying it over and over again. I find both versions flat and awkward; just uncomfortable grief and sobs. Later the whole of the latter part of this

short chapter was reshaped. The characters are at least assembled, so that they can go off together—and the Epilogue is rightly named "Exeunt."

At the end, after turning over the pages of this typescript, we cannot but be uncomfortably aware, in a strange embarrassing way, that indeed we have not merely been concerned with the fascinating business of watching an artist at work in the process of creation, but have become involved with the ecstasies and agonies of spirit of one who was driven by a passionate desire to set down a record in living terms—at whatever cost to himself and his friends—of "something deep" that he felt was "all the time, underneath, evolving itself out in him." And that, as he wrote to Garnett, is hard:

> It is *hard* to express a new thing, in sincerity. . . . And my Cockneyism and commonness are only when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead and sentimentality, and purplism. But you should see the religious, earnest, suffering man in me first, and then the flippant or common things after. . . .
>
> And that is why I didn't like the second letter you wrote me about the failed novel, where you rubbed it in: because you seemed to insult my real *being*.

In these sheets, likewise, where we may see so many signs of the struggle to set down "new things" in sincerity, we cannot help feeling that he has left much of his "real *being*."

PLATO AND THRASYMACHUS

F. E. Sparshott

One who reads the works of Plato and the commentaries thereon soon learns two things about their author: that he uses Socrates as his mouthpiece, and that he has no use whatever for sophists. Consequently, when such a reader finds Socrates in the *Republic* not only contradicted but insulted by Thrasymachus, who is plainly a sophist, he concludes that both the opinions and the character of the latter are meant to seem in every way objectionable. But both the reader's premises and his conclusions are altogether too simple.

The very fact that in most of the later dialogues Socrates does not appear at all may suggest that we are not obliged to take him simply as his author's spokesman when he does appear; in particular, we should not be surprised to find Plato beginning to dissociate himself from Socrates in the last dialogues (of which the *Republic* is one) before that disappearance. More important is the fact that in the *Protagoras* and *Parmenides*, where Socrates does appear, he has no monopoly of good ideas, and in the *Parmenides* he does not even have the last word. There, indeed, the venerable Parmenides stands to the young Socrates in precisely the same relationship as the latter stands to his own victims in those early dialogues where he is unmistakably Plato's mouthpiece. But the *Parmenides* is admittedly a later work than the *Republic*, so that we may place more reliance on the earlier *Protagoras* to show that when the *Republic* was written Plato was already beginning to free himself from the Socratic hypnosis. Readers of the *Protagoras* as of the *Theaetetus* cannot but notice that though the redoubtable old sophist Protagoras is deftly parodied and gently mocked for his mellifluous prolixity and his conceit, his opinions are treated in general with respect. Indeed, in the myth by which he seeks to show that virtue can be taught (*Prot.* 320–8) Protagoras is made to put forward several notions that are to play important parts in the *Republic*. On the importance and function of early

education (325–6; *Rep.* 377, 400–1 and *passim*); on the small influence of individual teachers as compared with that of society as a whole (327; *Rep.* 492); on the purpose of punishment (324–5; *Rep.* 410); on the need for justice in every man (322–3; *Rep.* 434); on the status of justice as the virtue fundamental to society (322; *Rep.* 433): on all these points Protagoras adumbrates what Socrates in the *Republic* develops. Moreover, what Protagoras says of likeness and unlikeness when protesting against Socrates' arguments for the unity of virtue (331D–E) prefigures in its crude way the important doctrine of being and not-being in the *Sophist* (257–61). That these ideas are mostly commonplaces is true but is beside the point, which is not that Plato gives this sophist original ideas but that he gives him ideas which make positive and important contributions to the discussion and which Plato accepts as basically sound. In the *Protagoras* and the *Theaetetus* alike, Protagoras seems to be used by Plato to represent the best that human reason can do if it does not take into account any eternal reality. He is superficial rather than mistaken.

It cannot be denied that the Socrates of *Republic* II–X speaks for Plato. But he speaks as he does only because the Socrates of *Republic* I has confessed intellectual bankruptcy. It is inconceivable that if Plato were satisfied with the conclusion of that book he would have gone on to write the other nine; but that conclusion is the only one that the Socrates of the earlier dialogues could have reached. The conviction of ignorance that was the inevitable result of the Socratic inquisition is repudiated by the dogmatics of the dialogue's main part. That this is so, all are agreed; but for some reason none have gone on to make the necessary inference that Plato must be dissociating himself from the Socrates of the first book. One cannot logically maintain both that the technique and approach of Book I are different from those of Books II to X, and also that both these versions of Socrates are to be taken as equally endorsed by their creator.

It is not our intention to deny that when Thrasymachus argues with Socrates the former is for the most part wrong and the latter on the whole right, but simply to suggest that the relation of the author to his characters is not one of simple identity or opposition. Indeed, to say that any important character in a Socratic dialogue is merely an opposition to be overcome is to deny the mental midwifery of Socrates and to reduce his dialectic to that eristic he attacks. Nor do we intend to follow the intricate discussion in which Thrasymachus is made to admit his error, but rather to consider why Thrasymachus is represented as he is,

and what attitude towards him Plato is working to produce. To this end we shall consider the six facts about Thrasymachus which are commonly thought to show that Plato meant him for a villain. These are, first, that his manner towards Socrates is abrupt, discourteous and abusive; second, that he accuses Socrates of trifling in his discussion with Polemarchus; third, that he forbids Socrates to give a merely verbal definition of justice —a prohibition of which Socrates complains that it leaves him with nothing to say; fourth, that he upbraids Socrates for his custom of asking questions and refusing to answer them; fifth, that he demands payment for his contribution to the discussion; and finally that he reveals his crude "immoralism" by saying that justice is nothing but "the interest of the stronger party." His explanation of this last statement shows that he means by it that justice is merely obedience to the law of the land, and that that law is always intended by the class or party in power to aid them in exploiting all other classes and parties in their own interest. We shall treat of each of these six in turn; but first we must dispose of H. W. B. Joseph's suggestion in the second of his *Essays in Ancient and Modern Philosophy* that Thrasymachus was portrayed thus because that is what he was actually like. Of the two pieces of evidence Joseph has, we may accept that which shows that Thrasymachus was thought of as given to petty avarice (Ephippus in Athenaeus XI. 509C); but one can no more take the pun on Thrasymachus' name in Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (1400 b 19) as showing that he was really a violent man than one can take the similar pun in Plato's *Gorgias* (463E) as proving that Polus was really a horse. One might add that one of the few surviving quotations from Thrasymachus (Fragment B8, Diels) represents him as having a very different attitude to justice from that attributed to him by Plato; but this evidence is of doubtful value, for an orator's public statements need not express his personal convictions, and there is always the possibility that the quotation may be wrongly attributed. But even if it were proved beyond cavil that Thrasymachus was in every respect the kind of man here depicted, the proof would leave us with our original question still unanswered, in the form: "Why was Thrasymachus chosen as a character?" For no one will maintain that the *Republic* is the record of a conversation that actually took place. Let us then without more ado turn to our six points, taking the last first.

Every government exploits its subjects in the interest of the class or party it represents, and the laws it makes are means to this end. This opinion of Thrasymachus' is Plato's own, as is shown by *Republic* 463A–B and more convincingly by the very nature of the political prin-

ciples put forward in the *Republic* as a whole, the presupposition of which is that extraordinary and unprecedented measures are necessary to eliminate selfishness and nepotism in the governing class.

Justice is nothing but obedience to the laws of the land. That justice *includes* obedience to law, in some not very clearly specified way, is taken for granted in the *Republic* as in all Greek discussions of this topic: the justice which Glaucon and Adeimantus ask Socrates to defend (II. 358–67) is tantamount to such obedience, and such passages as IV. 442E–443A show that Socrates shares the assumption, which we also find in such later works of Plato as the *Statesman* (297) and the *Laws* (714–16). Thrasymachus' error is to suppose that the law which the just man obeys is always and only that in force in the community to which he belongs; and that there is no more to justice than obedience (cf. *Laws, loc. cit.*). It is precisely this supposition that Plato identifies in Book VI (492–3, especially 493C) as that inevitably made by all sophists: Thrasymachus is here simply succumbing to the occupational hazard of his profession. It is worth noting that the failing is there diagnosed not as a symptom of immorality but as an effect of ignorance; just as Thrasymachus' praise of injustice is wrong (I. 347–54; VIII. 566–IX. 591) not because it wickedly exalts selfishness ("His error is not wilful" [589C]) but because it represents a mistake about what the true interests of the self are.

Thrasymachus will not speak until he is promised payment. This has embarrassed the more sensitive commentators. Mercenary as Thrasymachus may have been, surely not even the greediest sophist would really act like this! "Plato's satire is too malicious to be effective," writes D. J. Allan in his commentary on this passage. Shorey in a note to his Loeb translation finds an alternative explanation: Thrasymachus is just joking. This is, one supposes, a possibility, though Thrasymachus hardly seems to be in a jesting mood. We notice that nothing comes of this demand; Thrasymachus is not in fact paid, and the matter is never mentioned again—indeed, his later remark (V. 450B) that the company is engaged in a discussion and not a treasure-hunt seems almost to cancel out the earlier passage. The explanation of the curious demand is very simple. We have just seen that Plato wishes to use Thrasymachus' profession to explain his opinions. Where that explanation is given, the sophist is equated with one who "makes a living by teaching in private." We may even suggest, on the basis of the striking similarity between this passage and that which relates mercenariness to servitude in Book IX (589–90), that it is largely because the sophist is paid that he is obliged

to conform to the opinions of his paymasters. In introducing the demand for payment Plato is simply establishing in the most economical and unequivocal way possible that Thrasymachus, whose reputation in antiquity does not seem to have been primarily that of a sophist, is in fact such a person, and thus consolidating his sociology of knowledge. Those who object to the method as clumsy are invited to consider how it might have been done better.

Socrates is reproached for asking questions and refusing to answer them. Since in Books II to IX Socrates does not ask questions but speaks positively and at great length, this criticism of the Socratic method must represent Plato's own opinion. We find what are usually taken to be the methods of the historical Socrates, which are those of such early dialogues as the *Charmides*, criticized also in Book VII (538C–539A), where Plato notes the demoralizing effect of destructive arguments on immature minds. It would seem that for Plato the Athenians were not altogether wrong when they "killed the sophist Socrates because he was known to have educated Critias," as Aeschines was to say (*In Timarchum*, 173).

Thrasymachus will not accept a verbal definition of justice. The fact that he himself goes on to give just such a verbal definition should not hide from us that such verbal equivalents are indeed useless. Once again the procedure of Books II to IX shows that Thrasymachus' point is also Plato's. A definition of justice is indeed offered in Book IV (433B), but it is hedged around by qualifying phrases and does not represent the conclusion of the argument but merely an incident in its formulation. The wording of the definition hardly matters; the application is everything. In the later *Sophist* (243B) Plato explicitly condemns the practice of giving merely verbal solutions of problems without any adequate explanation of their meaning.

Socrates and Polemarchus are accused of triviality. Since the explanation of justice in Books II to VII involves questions of metaphysics as well as of psychology and sociology, one cannot say that Plato means this charge to be unjustified, although of course Thrasymachus has not the wit to ask for what Socrates will in fact later provide, and means simply to replace one kind of superficiality by another.

Thrasymachus is abusive. Why is he represented as being so violent? Is it merely that he was in life, to use the words of G. H. Wells in his school edition of 1886, "an entire stranger" to "rules of good feeling and good breeding"? Even if this were so we should be entitled to ask why he is represented here as being enraged. A consideration of the dialogue's

setting may suggest that its first readers were meant to share his impatience, if not his manners. At the beginning, an atmosphere of peace and casual well-being is built up elaborately and with great care. The critics of antiquity remarked on the elaborate artistry of these opening pages (see Adam's note on 327A1). It is summer; there is a holiday; there are to be sports, and we shall go there after dinner; we meet old friends; everyone has plenty of time; the young men carry us off, laughing. At their house we meet Cephalus, who is at peace with himself and with all men and gods. The conversation with Polemarchus does not destroy (though it does not deepen) this atmosphere. But Plato's first readers must have felt that this peace was unreal, and the feeling must have become stronger as the discussion of justice continued. For both the participants were later to die as victims of that very "justice" which Thrasymachus describes, and which by the *Republic*'s end has been shown to be a manifestation of the profoundest injustice: the unreasonable use of state power. What they are discussing so genially and even frivolously is that upon which their own lives will hang. The end which thus awaits Socrates and Polemarchus alike could not have been unknown to Plato's readers. Of Socrates, of course, every reader of Plato knew; and the judicial murder of Polemarchus was no less notorious. The famous orator Lysias, who as Plato here (328B) is careful to remind us was Polemarchus' own brother, had established his own great reputation with a speech attacking one of those involved in that murder —a speech which contains an eloquent account of Polemarchus' end.

If the relevance of his disputants' fate to their discussion cannot have been lost on the dialogue's original readers, neither can it have been (as D. J. Allan suggests, *op. cit.*, p. 19) unintentional on Plato's part. Apart from the fortunes of their house, there is nothing about Cephalus or Polemarchus which makes them uniquely suitable as characters for a dialogue of this kind. Any decent and prosperous old gentleman would have done as well as Cephalus; and the character of Polemarchus as here presented is, apart from his carefree gaiety, quite indeterminate. Any doubts of this relevance that may remain are dispelled when we note the presence of yet a third hemlock-drinker: Nicias' son Niceratus, who contributes nothing to the dialogue but his name. He, like Polemarchus, was to be killed by the Thirty for no other reason than that they needed his money—a striking testimony to the relevance of Thrasymachus' reading of Greek political realities. In him, writes Diodorus (XIV. 5. v), "they killed a man who was reasonable and friendly with everyone, and in wealth and respectability possibly the leading man in all Athens."

That his case was even more notorious than that of Polemarchus we may gather from Diodorus and Xenophon (*Hell.* II. 3. 39). Socrates, of course, is relevant to Plato's theme for what he was in life; but these other two only for what they became in dying. To deny that the reader is meant to be reminded of the manner of their death is little more reasonable than it would be to deny the same of Sacco and Vanzetti, were they to figure in a modern dialogue on this subject. And if this is so their presence in so studiedly peaceful a scene, and the participation of one of them in a discussion of this of all topics, must have produced, and must have been meant to produce, great tension. The sensitive reader must have longed to break in, as Thrasymachus breaks in, and cry: "Can you not see that this is a most urgent matter?" He must have longed to remind the disputants of the very facts which provide Thrasymachus with his theory of justice. The reader, in short, must have taken Thrasymachus at this point as speaking for him, and must have been meant so to take him.

Why does Plato thus work to enlist the reader's sympathy for Thrasymachus? Perhaps it is simply to engage the reader's whole personality in the discussion, so that when Thrasymachus is reduced to sweating silence the reader will feel himself involved in that downfall, and will therefore endorse Glaucon's complaint (357A–B) that the defeat has proved nothing except Socrates' superior skill in debate, and thus be prepared for that arduous discussion in the later books of whose critical importance and urgency we are constantly reminded (by, for example, Glaucon at V. 450, Socrates at V. 451, X. 608, and X. 618–19). But one may also suspect that Plato's own sympathies are divided. The *Republic*, almost alone among Plato's dialogues, seems the work of a deeply embittered man. The bitterness appears not only in the attacks on Athenian democracy and the state of the world in general, but also in the open criticism, which we have mentioned, of the practices of his revered master Socrates. Many philosophers have thought they detected in the Socratic arguments of Book I not merely the "abstractness" and "triviality" that the plain man always thinks he detects in philosophical discussions but arguments of an obvious fallaciousness of which Plato must have been aware. To these philosophers, Book I represents a vicious parody of the Socratic technique.

That in rejecting "mimetic" poetry, no less than in rejecting Socrates, Plato is doing violence to his own deepest feelings, appears sufficiently at 607E. But the passage which most strikingly reveals the embittered pessimism of Plato in this dialogue is that which comes at the very end

of Book VII. After his exalted description of the philosopher's vision of the Idea of the Good, he extols the philosophical ruler as one who will care for nothing but right and justice—and then immediately tells us that the first act of these paragons will be to separate all children under ten from their elders: an action, in fact, which despite the possible desirability of its consequence is in itself one of great cruelty. The contrast is obvious and quite gratuitous; for the act of cruelty involved is one whose description is here quite out of place. We should have expected it at VI. 501, where the same facts are referred to by careful euphemism. It is as if Plato were deliberately deriding the ideals he has at such length expounded, as he has previously condemned the man whom above all others he revered. From all this we must conclude that Plato in the *Republic* writes as a man whose mind and affections are deeply divided; and we are perhaps justified in saying that his own attitude to his character Thrasymachus is as ambiguous as that which he worked to produce in his readers.

KIPLING'S KEN OF INDIA • *Nelson S. Bushnell*

Two decades ago, in 1936, Rudyard Kipling died, and it has frequently been assumed that his literary reputation was interred with his bones.[1] But the customary period during which nothing unless evil may be spoken of the dead is now coming to an end; Kipling's precocious fame has already had time to emerge from the first of those recurrent clouds which must be endured by all reputations but a choice few; and the hue and cry after Tory witches of which he was a darling victim has begun to ring a little thin. During the years intervening since Kipling's death, persistent expressions of concern over his permanent status in literature have been accumulating. The comments of Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot,[2] George Orwell, Somerset Maugham, and G. M. Trevelyan encourage us to attempt a second reading, recently facilitated by John Beecroft's *Selection* of the stories and poems; and a full-scale *Life* has been published, as "the definitive biography of one of England's greatest writers."[3] In addition, Kipling benefits by a special dispensation, for current political events beget an anxiety over India in North American minds whose awareness of that country is rooted in his pages. How can one hear talk of the Northwest Frontier and Lahore and Delhi and Lucknow without remembering *Kim* and "The Man Who Would Be King"?

Those who wish to reread Kipling, or to risk a first exposure to his questionable arts, are therefore likely to turn to his stories and poems of India, if only for a reminder of the picture seen by Western eyes during the last half-century—though the present essay will indicate that something more is to be found. These Indian pages make up something like half of his total output; some of them were the occasion of his sudden fame; and some constitute those portions of his work which have the smack of immortality. But before submitting to the spell of Kipling's own voice it is a healthy precaution to inquire how far the man was in fact qualified, by experience and temperament, for that rôle which he assumed, and in which the popular vote of his contemporaries confirmed him—the rôle of Interpreter General from India to the West.

Kipling was deeply involved in India during three different periods of his life. Most of his first six years (1865–71) were spent in Bombay; then, after struggling through boyhood and adolescence in England, he returned to India to engage in newspaper work. The second period (1882–91) covers not only his seven years' service in Lahore and Allahabad but also the beginning of his career as a man of letters in London, while he was still exploiting his experiences as an Indian journalist. Some time after a final visit to India late in 1891, Kipling as a mature and famous writer turned once more to Indian subject matter in three volumes published in the period 1894–1901: the two *Jungle Books* and *Kim*.

As to the richness of the infant Rudyard's experience of India there can be no question. India is an enchanting place for a baby to awaken into consciousness, and Kipling like Wordsworth—whose name will reappear in the ensuing paragraphs—might well have exclaimed, "Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up . . . much favored in my birthplace." He was doubly favoured in that the times smiled upon British residents. The great rising of 1857 had been finally quelled, and a benevolent British Crown had superseded John Company. The proclamation of Dizzy's Faery as Empress of India was not to come for another dozen years; though an impulse towards self-determination was already astir in Indian breasts, "imperialism" had not yet become a fighting word. Kipling's parents enjoyed secure prestige in official, British India; John Lockwood Kipling had arrived in Bombay University shortly before Rudyard's birth, on an appointment as Professor of Architectural Sculpture, and was later to advance to the curatorship of the Museum of Lahore; it is a safe surmise that we have his portrait in Kim's "Sahib with a white beard" of the Lahore Wonder House, and he may be reflected in quiet experts like the matured Strickland, and Petersen Sahib. Kipling's mother was a beauty, and well connected in British social and artistic circles.

Recollections of his infancy were recorded, late in Kipling's life, in the opening pages of *Something of Myself*; a central part in them was played by the two servants—Hindu bearer and Goanese ayah—who cared for the little boy and his baby sister. In the tropical Orient, with windows and doors always open, and innumerable barefooted servants alternately dozing in the corridors and padding about at all hours, a peculiarly intimate influence was exerted by servants upon the youngsters in their charge. Twenty years later, on an emergency journey at top speed from Lahore to London, Kipling's only stop was "to visit the *ayah* who had nursed him as a baby."[4] It was the same ayah who, long before,

with Meeta the bearer, "would tell us stories and Indian nursery songs all unforgotten, and we were sent into the dining-room after we had been dressed, with the caution 'Speak English now to Papa and Mamma.' So one spoke 'English', haltingly translated out of the vernacular idiom one thought and dreamed in."

The infant idyll was rudely interrupted. The boy's first years in England were years of misery, when he and little Trix were boarded out with strangers—in a miniature baby-farm, one might say. "Everything had gone at once," his sister declares. "Mama, Papa, our home in a garden full of sunshine and birds. Dear Ayah, who was never cross; clever Meeta, our bearer, who made toys out of oranges and nuts; Dunnoo, who took care of the fat white pony which Ruddy *would* call Dapple Gray; and Chopra, the boy who called the other servants and only grinned and didn't mind when I pelted him with bricks. All gone at one swoop."[5]

All gone, that is, except the memories. And even for the loss there was, in Wordsworth's phrase, abundant recompense, in the quickening of Rudyard's creative gift. "If he were only left alone, Punch could pass, at any hour he chose, into a land of his own, beyond reach of Aunty Rosa and her God." Punch, of "Baa Baa, Black Sheep," is the boy Rudyard of *Something of Myself*: "Bullying . . . made me give attention to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell; and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort." The bent toward writing was fostered by both parents and by the school at Westward Ho! (of *Stalky* fame) whither young Rudyard was transferred; it eventually led to his appointment as a reporter and sub-editor on a small English-language newspaper in Lahore. "So, at sixteen years and nine months, . . . I found myself at Bombay where I was born, moving among sights and smells that made me deliver in the vernacular sentences whose meaning I knew not. Other Indian-born boys have told me how the same thing happened to them. There were yet three or four days' rail to Lahore, where my people lived. After these, my English years fell away, nor ever, I think, came back in full strength."

The next seven years of his life—the age of miracles, from seventeen to twenty-three—he spent as a reporter in India, with constant opportunities to get around and see things, from the troubled Afghan border to the idly scandalous Simla Mall, with the columns of a provincial journal open to him, and enjoying the loving guidance of a father who as an accomplished artist had soaked himself in the Indian background. John Lockwood Kipling took the place of the ayah and Meeta of Rudyard's infancy, and handed on to his son a "knowledge of the innumer-

able details of Indian life, . . . and all in the shortest time possible, so that Gigger's genius preserved all its pertness, its *élan*, its dash, its joy of discovery and creation."[6]

As everybody knows, Kipling's first work of any importance, the poems and stories later collected as *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*, originally appeared as filler in the columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. What is sometimes forgotten is that the majority of his other compositions on Indian subjects were first published in journals during Kipling's employment in Lahore and Allahabad, or were written just after his withdrawal from newspaper life. In all but his latest treatments of India, then, the rapidly maturing professional was always at work as well as the marvellously endowed youngster; and the journalist tended to overshadow the artist. The journalist, be it remembered, is an editor as well as a reporter.

When in 1889 Kipling headed for London, and a career of letters, his entire first-hand experience of India was ended, except for one trifling stop-over two years later. In 1889 Kipling's years did not yet total twenty-four, and almost half of them had been spent in England. His sojourn in India, then, though varied and intense, was woefully short; and it came at that time of a man's life when—whatever his capacity to absorb—his power to reflect may well lack something of full development. Furthermore, as a reporter Kipling's own particular beat was sharply circumscribed, and even within it there were many doors on which he never knocked. The handicaps imposed on his writing by this situation will naturally be most apparent in the pages completed within or shortly after his years as journalist; by 1891, that is. Almost all the poems about India collected in *Departmental Ditties* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and almost all the stories about India collected in *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie, Mine Own People, Life's Handicap*, and *Many Inventions*—as well as *The Naulahka*, and the articles in *From Sea to Sea*—are thus suspect.

What, precisely, are the biases and the blind spots of the reporter on India who was responsible for these pages? Some of them he himself admits, with a breeziness that would be disarming if it had no ominous implications. When after his first success in London he paid his brief return visit to his parents, he landed in "the India of the extreme south which I did not know, and for four days and four nights in the belly of the train could not understand one word of the speech around me." Kipling's residence in India was largely confined to Bombay, and to the northwest—to parts of British India, under direct control of Parliament

and Crown, in which there were British cantonments sprinkled everywhere. In the northwest, the dominant language is Urdu, and the dominant cultural and religious atmospheres are Moslem and Sikh. Kipling reports, "My life had lain among Muslims, and a man leans one way or another according to his first service." And again: "This Hindu or Musalman bent . . . each Englishman's mind must take before he has been three years in the country." Hence, we would expect to find, with sympathy for Moslems, a complementary antipathy to Hindus. When Kipling was exploring the ruined masonry of a reservoir, "he had to cross the smooth, worn rocks, and he felt their sliminess through his boot-soles. It was as though he were treading on the soft, oiled skin of a Hindu."

Kipling's status as journalist explains another bias: familiarity with officialdom bred contempt for the civilian bureaucrat in India—always excepting one type of official, the strong silent solitary man functioning as Resident in a Native State. On the other hand, early experience predisposed him to see in the rosiest light all who wore the queen's uniform in India. It may be too much to suggest that his own feeble eyesight was partly to blame for Kipling's worship of the military heroes whose ranks he could never join. But it is undeniable that he was "soldier-possessed,"[7] if not ever since his days at Westward Ho! when his schoolmates were soldiers' sons and embryo soldiers, at least after his introduction to garrison life in Lahore, with the officers' mess open to him and a correspondent's opportunity to visit the troubled Afghan frontier.

The precocious youngster's introduction, with a reporter's privilege, to the bored, lazy, homesick society of hill station and cantonment fostered a jaunty cynicism regarding the domestic *mores* of officialdom. This tone of the pages written at the time contributed to their sensational impact on their contemporary readers. But it did not by one iota impair the author's almost unshakable conviction of British class and race superiority, and his sense of complete identification with the British in India. As a result, one may expect to find constant undertones of contemptuous benevolence towards the native Indians, of an unconscious sense of *noblesse oblige* that not only tolerates but even loves the lesser breeds—in their place. That place is one where no self-respecting Britisher would be found dead. "When a man begins to sink in India, and is not sent Home by his friends as soon as may be, he falls very low from a respectable point of view. . . . In most big cities natives will tell you of two or three *Sahibs*, generally low-caste, who have turned

Hindu or Mussulman, and who live more or less as such. But it is not often that you can get to know them." Even any considerable social contact with Indians is suspect: "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black."

"The Black and the White mix very quaintly in their ways. . . . The Black [shows] in . . . abasement and humility, half-heathenish customs and strange, unaccountable impulses to crime." This race antagonism poisons Kipling's taste for India's culture. Hindu gods are merely "passable"; Hindu architecture "is neither temperate nor noble. . . . The entire effect is one of repulsion; for the clustered figures of man and brute seem always on the point of bursting into unclean, wriggling life. . . . The Englishman . . . meditated on . . . the unholiness of Hindu art, and what power a shadowland of lewd monstrosities had upon those who believed in it." Likewise he is revolted by the customs of the Indian woman: to "pull a sari over her head when a man looks at her, and glare suggestively from behind it," to "tramp behind me when I walk."

His distaste for Protestant Christian missionaries[8] sometimes generates a passing enthusiasm for Indians like 'Lispeth and the devotees of Dungara who revolt against mission teaching. The same prejudice is further complemented by a sympathy with Roman Catholic activities, based on recollections of the ayah of his Bombay infancy, herself a Portuguese Roman Catholic. It seems in fact that he must have been early exposed to a considerable variety of religions, though it is difficult to accept literally the colossal claim that "through the servants he came in touch with all the religions of Asia."[9]

Youthful conditioning may be held accountable in part for that one of his biases which is today the first to be cited and the first to be damned. What is commonly called "imperialism" in Kipling is really his glorification of several related factors: Work; Power, to do work; Law, as a body of principles and a practical discipline implementing power; the Community, to sanction law; and the Englishman, God's chosen agent of work, of power, and of law. In Kipling's youth, his slightly gnomish frame and bleared eyesight, coupled with extraordinary physical strength and endurance, and vital energy, may well have bred in him an envious delight in supermen, and a happy contempt for slackers. Having survived the severe discipline of the Stalky boarding-school, he was only too ready to administer it to others. When he returned to India, he must surely have been affronted by the apparent slackness and confusion of native attempts at practical accomplishment, whether in the fields, the kitchen,

the workshop, or the office. Then there loomed before his eyes such glamorous heroes as Dufferin and Roberts, *getting things done* in their political and military bailiwicks, and both of them in person flatteringly considerate to the youngster. And, of course, the security of the Kipling family life in India depended on such firm hands to rule the turbulent Indian society that supported it.

But whatever the seeds of Kipling's "imperialism," our concern is with its reflection in his writing, and the obstacles it may have opposed to his achieving a whole and steady view of India. His demand for work, and for the man of power to do it, is voiced by an ideal viceroy:

> . . . I followed Power to the last
> Gave her my best, and Power followed Me. . . .
> I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.
> I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that lives!

(This justification of the work by its results is of course at the opposite pole from the traditional Indian doctrine as presented in the *Bhagavad-Gita.*) The native inadequacies of the Indian become apparent when his aptitude for power is tested: "A native . . . is as incapable as a child of understanding what authority means, or where is the danger of disobeying it." Kipling's vindication of the rights of might leads to veneration of its embodiment in law. "Breeds" are not placed *outside* the law because they are "lesser," but breeds who are *lacking* in law thereby become lesser.[10] In the "accursed settlement" of derelict Hindus in which Morrowbie Jukes was plunged "there was no law save that of the strongest; . . . the living dead men had thrown behind them every canon of the world." For it was only a "settlement," of outcasts who put their "trust in reeking tube and iron shard," not a community on which law might be based. Kipling's celebrated Law of the Jungle, articulated at a later date, is the law of a carefully organized society; his "jungle" is the very antithesis of the hobo anarchy implied in colloquial use of the word. The enforcement of law upon a settlement is the peculiar function of members of the British community. They form the Hat-marked Caste; they "bear the hat-mark on their brow as plainly as the well-born native carries the *trisul* [that is, the mark of the divine trident] of Shiva. . . . They can sit down in one place for years, and see the works of their hands and the promptings of their brain grow to actual and beneficent life, bringing good to thousands." Collectively, they are the personification of British rule; and Kipling sees to it—in fiction at any rate—that they are so recognized. One display of Englishmen in evening dress from

the Club subdues a riot between Hindus and Moslems. Many Indians today would insist that Kipling exaggerated the mutual antipathy between these two factions in the period of which he wrote, and that in so doing he served a British "divide and rule" policy. But this is mere hindsight. Kipling's own Indians, who do not hesitate to level all the stock charges against the British, refrain from making this one; and to Kipling himself the suggestion of any such "policy" is absurd: an official who attempts to assert it as the basis of British rule is carefully set up as an ass, a "gas-power."

It is Kipling's own dream of a rule apotheosized into empire that shines through the inspired projects of the man who would be king, and that still flickers in the passionate self-justification of "The White Man's Burden" long after his creative instincts have reopened for him a world whose horizons are not delimited in colour. The Indian nationalism already emergent in his day Kipling can see only as a threat to the glorious British raj, a folly that will bring all his imperial hope to naught. Encouraged by a viceroy of pronounced liberal tendencies, during whose term of office Kipling's seven years' service to journalism had begun, the Indian National Congress was founded—to be pretty generally ridiculed. A middle-class movement for political advancement was under way, but to the true import of this movement Kipling seems to have been totally blind. "The complaint that he did not like the Indian political classes is true," admits Trevelyan somewhat plaintively, "and I regret it."[11] To Kipling it seemed absurd that Indians should attempt to govern, when Englishmen were available to do it far better. "Year by year England sends out fresh drafts for the . . . Indian Civil Service, . . . in order that the land may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war, and may eventually become capable of standing alone. It will never stand alone. . . . Overmuch tenderness of this kind has bred a strong belief among many natives that the native is capable of administering the country."

"The land . . . standing alone," "the native . . . administering the country," means democracy; and "Macdonough's Song"—"Once there was The People and it made a Hell of Earth"—was later to give in a nutshell Kipling's attitude toward democracy. It was the offensive Gunga Dass who reminded Morrowbie Jukes, "Greatest good of greatest number is political maxim. We are now Republic." The attempt to democratize India is futile: "Asia is not going to be civilised after the methods of the West. . . . She will never attend Sunday-school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets." But the really dreadful thing about the liberal pro-

gramme for self-determination for India is that it hamstrings the heaven-ordained British leaders. "You do great honour to all men of our country," says the wise Khem Singh, "and by your own hands are destroying the Terror of your Name, which is your strong rock and defence."

These then are the biases which slant Kipling's view of India while he is still close to the newspaper office: his prejudice in favour of North India and its Moslems; his contempt for civilian bureaucracy and his enthusiasm for the army; his antipathies towards Hindu race and culture, and towards Protestant Christian missionaries; and his commitment to his own brand of imperialism, with the accompanying distrust of self-determination.[12] Contemplating the Indian nature from this position, Kipling the journalist delivers his verdict through the mouth of an imagined Dufferin:

> You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
> And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
> Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
> Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
> By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,
> And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

It would appear, therefore, that anybody who turns to Kipling's reporting of India in the 1880's for an interpretation of India in the 1950's had best read warily. Nevertheless the insights of a creative artist may shine through and even contradict his opinions as a journalist; and in pages written after Kipling had renounced newspaperdom, and had seen the last of India with a newspaperman's eyes, such insights may find freer expression. The reader turning to such pages, particularly to the *Jungle Books* and *Kim*, is immediately confronted with the question: how could such beguiling stories, of characters almost exclusively Indian, set in a completely Indian background so convincingly and so sympathetically presented, have flowed from the pen of the cantankerous, opinionated journalist whose features have been sketched above? An answer may be found in the fact that they were not written till three years and more after his residence in India had come to an end; and that they derive their inspiration from memories of childhood days in Bombay, including the endless tales of his bearer Meeta and the other Indian servants, and from later materials experienced at first-hand or in his reading, and absorbed willy-nilly, no matter what propagandistic hobby he was riding at the time.

Kipling himself, and those who spoke of him from personal or expert knowledge, agreed in emphasizing three traits which enhance his authority as artist:

First, acute and responsive senses. His sister's report: "He loved going about and seeing things; he was always observing; he had a camera in his brain,"[13] is confirmed by later witnesses. "Those who made frequent visits to Naulakha [Kipling's Vermont residence, 1893–6] . . . all recall . . . the keen power of observation in his eyes which, from behind thick glasses, took in every part of a scene at a glance."[14] T. S. Eliot, in examining Kipling as a poet,[15] emphasizes this power: "Certainly an exceptional sensitiveness to environment is the first characteristic of Kipling that we notice."

Second, the gift of eliciting confidence, and even from the most unpromising informants. Kipling, eaten up with "'satiable curtiosity," like Rikki-Tikki and the Elephant's Child, made the most of his gift of absorbability into intimate and confidential groups. "Somehow or other since the days of my first tailcoat, men of all kinds have shot rubbish into my patient ears."[16] Kay Robinson, Kipling's immediate superior and intimate associate in Lahore, stressed this gift in two articles published in the 1890's.[17]

> Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details respecting habits, language, and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan . . . who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "Sahibs." . . . Mahbub Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeleen Sahib," his "friend." [He "turns up" again in the pages of *Kim*!] . . . Mahbub Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India. No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him. . . .
>
> Most wonderful is his insight into the strangely mixed manners of life and thought of the natives of India. . . . He would speak to the man in his own fashion, using familiar, homely figures which brightened the other's surprised eyes with recognition of brotherhood and opened a straight way into his confidence. . . . To Kipling even the most suspected and suspicious of classes, the religious mendicants, would open their mouths freely. . . . A ring of almost naked fakirs . . . scowled at the European driving by, but for Kipling there was, if he wished it, an opening in the squatting circle and much to be learned from the unsavory talkers.

The third essential trait of Kipling as creative artist was his extraordinary power of recollection. A Parsee, who had known the boy Rudyard, reported that he "at five years old, never forgot a face or a

name";[18] and Naulakha guests recalled the "amazing memory which would revive the details of some small incident long forgotten by everyone else."[19] Dave Carey, one of the few Brattleboro neighbours to whom Kipling ever unbent, reports that "he wanted to know everything about everything and he never forgot what you told him. Things he wrote years later were already in his head when I knew him."[20]

The fact that Kipling's immediate experience of India was concentrated within his first twenty-four years now acquires a strange appropriateness. Hindu religion preaches that the first of the four quarter-century stages of a man's life is precisely the period of discipleship and preparation. By the receptive and retentive temperament, not a second of this period is wasted. And none of it was wasted by Kipling; instead, it was devoted to the intense and delicious absorption of experience; the rest of his life—and herein he resembles Wordsworth himself—was obsessed by a conscious or unconscious yearning back to the early enchanted hours. Upon the recollection of those hours he drew for his greatest literary achievement.

As Kipling himself was well aware, a change in environment stimulated recollection to revive powerfully: "Now here is a curious thing. At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 I saw, and never forgot, a picture of the death of Manon Lescaut. . . . I read that amazing 'one book' . . . when I was about eighteen, and it brought up the picture. My theory is that a germ lay dormant till my change of life to London woke it up, and that *The Light That Failed* was a sort of inverted, metagrobolised phantasmagoria based on *Manon*." Spawned out of everything Indian that he had observed and overheard and read, a host of such germs crowded the recesses of his memory, awaiting the distant day of awakening in Vermont and Sussex. Like Wordsworth's ideal Poet, it seems, Kipling had "a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present." In India he wrote of England with passionate longing:

> At Home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry—
> What part have India's exiles in their mirth? . . .
> Oh, the toil that knows no breaking! Oh, the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!
> Oh, the black, dividing Sea and alien Plain!

Contrariwise, as soon as he left India—to all practical purposes for ever—he began to ache for it as "home." Breaking his voyage to England in the Straits Settlements, already "I cheered myself with the thought that India—the India I pretend to hold in hatred—was not so far off, after all." And on leaving Singapore: "I want to go Home! I want to go back to India!"

"Home!" This is a key word in any study of Kipling. Bonamy Dobrée suggests that the most important of Kipling's impulses "is his craving to belong to something. . . . India is the place where he really belongs"; and he cites Kipling's remark in Cairo when in 1913 he returned at least towards the East: "This is my real world again."[21]

Three episodes in Kipling's life forever summoned him to return: the childhood in Bombay; the schooling at Westward Ho!—if not uniformly joyous, surely glowing in contrast with the baby-farm, and illuminated with rewarding moments; and the apprenticeship to letters, when he was initiated into the infinitely varied and glamorous life of Northwest India. With Westward Ho! one is not here concerned, though it is integrated with India in stories like "Slaves of the Lamp, II" and "A Deal in Cotton" in which a middle-aged Stalky's exploits in the army in India are recounted, and *Stalky* characters are united with the admired Stricklands and the Punjab orderly Imam Din. The reflections of Westward Ho! in Kipling's writings tend to demolish the "nightmare" "delirium" version of the school that is pivotal in Edmund Wilson's essay in analysis.[22]

It is on India, the India of his childhood and youth, that the older Kipling's yearning for the absent and the past is most powerfully focused. He himself recognized the decisive influence of his Bombay infancy; he introduces the first section of the autobiography, "A Very Young Person," with the epigram: "Give me the first six years of a child's life and you can have the rest." A later section dealing with the two London years between his Lahore-Allahabad residence and the return visit in 1891 is entitled "The Interregnum," and it is headed by a quotation from Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood": "The youth who daily farther from the East must travel." For Kipling, "the East" was, literally, the Orient. But for him it was also—as for Wordsworth—the sunrise land of infancy, "Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower." During his last brief visit with his parents in Lahore, he contributed an ecstatic account of "Home" for the Christmas supplement of the *Civil and Military Gazette*: "A smell came up out over the sea—a smell of damp earth, cocoanut oil, ginger, and mankind. It spoke with a strong voice, recalling many things; but the most curious revelation to one man was the sudden knowledge that under these skies lay home and the dearest places in all the world; even the first sniff of London had not caused so big a choke in the throat or so strict a tightening over the heart."[23]

Kipling's nostalgic attachment to India had its origins in the very

sources of his existence: "At the time of his birth in Bombay, his mother had a long and difficult confinement and there is a story that it was not until one of his father's clerks sacrificed a kid in the local temple that the tarrying infant at last condescended to appear. Kipling felt—and liked to feel—that he had been 'bought into India' [as Mowgli belonged to the wolf-pack 'by the Bull that bought me'] and that in moving towards India he moved towards home."[24]

It was when Kipling's pen was most concerned with his experiences of "home" that the "Daemon" to which he so often refers took control. "*This is the doom of the Makers—their Daemon lives in their pen.* . . . Mine came to me early when I sat bewildered among other notions, and said: 'Take this and no other.' I obeyed, and was rewarded. . . . My Daemon was with me in the *Jungle Books*, *Kim*, and both Puck books. . . . When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait, and obey." According to a suggestive interpretation of a very late story of Kipling's, " 'Teem'—A Treasure Hunter," the author "tells us there how, of design, he dedicated himself for a considerable portion of his life to active work in the service of England and the Empire, and that he realized later he had been dreaming—and writing —outside his Art, and his Daemon had too often been absent."[25]

Driven by his "*Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching," for India, and guided by his Daemon, the mature Kipling weaves out of all that he has sensed, and read, and been told, and remembered, an idealized youth for himself. Now he can apprehend and reveal India, directly and wholely, as he surrenders himself to India, directly and wholely, like a child, like a poet. A glorification of childhood and youth—though not quite as extravagant as Wordsworth's "Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!"—suffuses Kipling's personal life as well as his work. Everyone knows how he adored beyond measure his own children; how he sought out children and opened up to them. Much of his writing was addressed first of all to the young; and their critical judgment, or insight, is sometimes invoked to sponsor it. In a nightmare of doubt of his own work he summons Wee Willie Winkie to defend him: "Little children don't lie." The two Puck books "had to be read by children, before people realized that they were meant for grown-ups."

Children of course bulk large in his *dramatis personae*, particularly little boys, for with them it is easiest for the author to achieve self-identification. Mowgli's "heavy black eyebrows" were a conspicuous feature of the young Kipling. "He has friends everywhere, this manling," like Kim, "Little Friend of All the World," who in turn gleaned with

Kipling in the bazaars of Lahore and along the roads of Northwest India. In Kim, as in Kipling, there was "a demon [that] woke up and sang with joy as he put on the changing dresses"; his mind, too, could "temper itself to enter another's soul." Adam Strickland's childhood parallels Kipling's in the prospect of being sent " 'home' to his aunts" in England. His orderly, Imam Din, declares that "the sons of the Sahibs, once being born here, return when they are men." Such a returnee is young John Chinn, who "would have said he did not remember a word of the Bhil tongue but [exactly like Kipling himself] . . . found his lips moving in sentences he did not understand."

The projection of himself into perennial youth kept the mature Kipling sensitive to the fertilizing influence of his own father. Years after Rudyard had departed from India forever, a visit from his father left him with a "return of a feeling of great strength"; out of this grew the Mowgli stories. Later again, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," with all its noble and tender commitment to the Indian cultural ideal, was written "under the fastidious eye of Lockwood Kipling."[26]

Kipling's favoured youngsters are destined to grow up to be masters of two worlds, like Purun Bhagat—and like John Lockwood Kipling!—if they have not already attained to that stature, "of the Jungle and *not* of the Jungle." For Kipling would have his cake and eat it too (a characteristic of the Indian mind, some say). He dreams of a sort of super-child-man who can "belong" both in the native bazaars and in the westerner's drawing-room and officers' mess; who can pass freely from one to the other and is at home as master in both. Mowgli may seem to have renounced one world in "The Spring Running"—early entitled "Mowgli Leaves the Jungle Forever"—but readers had already learned in the previously published "In the Rukh" that he is still very much Master of the Jungle two or three years after the Running to Man.

The perceptions reawakened in the older Kipling, the perceptions of a poet and child, responded to an India indigenous and self-contained that antedates the White Man's empire; and from roots in such an India, inevitably, much of the life of the present independent republic must be derived. Even in his early writing Kipling had occasionally evinced (and most frequently in verse) an awareness of this underlying India, and a sympathy for its culture, denied to the over-burdened White Man. He had in fact already committed himself to some such an India, in a self-dedication more conscious than Wordsworth's, when he rejected Kay Robinson's recommendation of a move to London: "I to my own place where I find heat and smells of oil and spices, and puffs of temple

incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable."[27] But not until he had actually transferred his residence to London, and farther, did he fulfil the original commitment. Then at last in the matured prose of the *Jungle Books* and *Kim* the rhythms that sometimes wreck the verse are subdued to a maximum effectiveness, and Kipling's insights into India find their fullest expression.

For the reader who recognizes the poet when he reads this prose, evidences of the underlying India are continually emerging. Kipling as a child and even as a reporter gathered the raw material, but Kipling as a poet has now interpreted it, till the "hallowed and pure motions of the sense" do in truth "in their simplicity . . . own an intellectual charm." There is, to be sure, a reportorial realism in the picture of Mowgli's day as a herd-boy, but there is infinitely more; as the boy, free of time and space, participates in the creative play of Brahman, the reader finds himself close to the centre of Indian thought. The power with which a vast and ancient people is charged is in Kala Nag moving through the teeming jungle. The "clotted millions" of India's population are asleep in the bee-caves till Mowgli's racing feet rouse them to "sound as though all the earth were humming"; there is "a roar like the roar of the sea in a cave," and the bodies of the enemy are "borne up even when they were dead on the heaving waves of bees beneath them." The latent wealth of India is buried under the shattered marble summer-house of the Cold Lairs, under the ubiquitous ruins, the reminders of layer upon layer of earlier cultures, glory upon glory, ever present to the Indian consciousness, inevitably both feeding and poisoning the new life rooted in them. India's quenchless vitality, and the inescapable gregariousness that makes every act, every thought, a public concern, crowd the Kashmir Serai and the Umballa train and the Grand Trunk Road of *Kim*: "such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." The hills that still dominate Indian foreign policy as they do Indian religion—and the world's imagination—"were not impressed" by Kim, though Purun Bhagat knew their secret.

T. S. Eliot has remarked that Kipling "might almost be called the first citizen of India. And his relation to India determines that about him which is the most important thing about a man, his religious attitude. It is an attitude of comprehensive tolerance."[28] Religious concepts dominant as the hills in Indian ways of thought are not outside the scope of that "comprehensive tolerance," though Anglican missionaries may be. Winifred Sewall's examples of "Kipling's Psychic Phenomena"[29] include several that reflect the author's awareness of Hindu beliefs. The

Buddhism of Kim's Lama was undoubtedly derived from Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*—part of Kipling's omnivorous reading at Westward Ho!—and could not have been "imbibed with his first language in his boyhood" as Edmund Wilson ill-advisedly states;[30] there was no Buddhism in nineteenth-century Bombay, or anywhere else in India for that matter. Nevertheless Buddhism is Hindu in its origins and in many of its concepts. Other Hindu concepts emerge, as Purun Bhagat comes "to the place appointed for him—the silence and the space . . . where the eye was deceived by the size of things, and . . . time stopped"; and again when the "Bridgebuilder" Findlayson spies on "a Punchayet of the Gods"; and when the year's cycle turns and the primordial word is sounded—"a vibrating boom which is neither bees, nor falling water, nor the wind in the tree-tops, but the purring of the warm, happy world"; and when "the voice of the First of the Elephants" is heard in thunder: "Is this thy mercy?"—as in the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* the voice of Prajapati, Lord of Creation, is heard in thunder: "Da! da! da! Control yourselves; give; be compassionate."

Of all this, Kipling the responsible Voice of Empire was perhaps little aware. If he were asked: "What is 'meant for grown-ups' in the *Jungle Books*?" he would probably cite the theme of the Law. Might not a truer answer be simply, "India"? This is an India that has endured since the days of the Vedas and the *Ramayana*, and can still be sensed in villages not a dozen miles from the splendid structures in New Delhi that house the central government of the Indian Republic. This India has endured a whole history of governments; it has even endured the British Empire and its spokesman, Rudyard Kipling the journalist.

NOTES

1 Some of the following material was presented in a public lecture under the auspices of Williams College. Where phrases are directly quoted from Kipling's published writings or from others equally familiar, the citation of individual sources has been dispensed with. All quotations from Kipling not otherwise identifiable will be found in the volumes entitled *Something of Myself* (Garden City, New York, 1937), *Abaft the Funnel* (New York: Dodge, 1909), and (in the Outward Bound ed., New York, 1897–1923) *From Sea to Sea*—I, *Plain Tales from the Hills, Early Verse, Under the Deodars, In Black and White, Soldiers Three, The Day's Work, The Jungle Book*.

2 "Mr. Eliot should never have lowered himself to advocating a revival of interest in such a writer." Boris Ford, "A Case for Kipling?" (first published in 1942), *The Importance of SCRUTINY*, ed. Eric Bentley (New York, 1948), 336.

3 So described on the jacket of C. E. Carrington, *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* (Garden City, New York, 1955).

4 *Ibid.*, 147.

5 Alice Macd. Fleming, "My Brother, Rudyard Kipling," *Kipling Journal*, no. 84 (Dec. 1947), 3–5.

6 G. C. Beresford, *Schooldays with Kipling* (London, 1936), 316 f.

7 Hilton Brown, *Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation* (London, 1945), 44.

8 Forcefully summarized in a letter printed by Carrington, *Life of Kipling*, 281, n.

9 Dr. Leon Kellner's interview with Kipling reported in *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, as quoted in *Literature*, III, no. 59 (London, Dec. 3, 1898), 532.

10 George Orwell, in "Rudyard Kipling" (first published in 1941), *Dickens, Dali, and Others* (New York, 1946), 141, has explained the much-quoted line from "Recessional," a poem written years after Kipling's residence in India.

11 G. M. Trevelyan, *A Layman's Love of Letters* (London, 1954), 30.

12 Charges of decadence, of superstition, of violence, even if proven against the author in his treatment of non-Indian materials, are irrelevant to the present inquiry, as it can be convincingly argued that all three of these qualities are inherent in Indian subject matter.

13 Fleming, *Kipling Journal*, no. 85 (April 1948), 7.

14 Howard C. Rice, *Rudyard Kipling in Vermont* (Brattleboro, 1951), 18.

15 T. S. Eliot, *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (New York, 1943), 23.

16 Lucile R. Carpenter, *Rudyard Kipling: A Friendly Profile* (Chicago, 1942), 29.

17 E. Kay Robinson, "Kipling in India," *McClure's Magazine*, VII (New York, July 1896), 99–109; "Rudyard Kipling as Journalist," *Literature*, IV, no. 74 (London, March 18, 1899), 284–6.

18 Carrington, *Life of Kipling*, 8.

19 Rice, *Kipling in Vermont*, 18.

20 F. F. Van de Water, *Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud* (New York, 1937), 38. Memories of an obscure poem read in childhood contributed to Kipling's conception of Mowgli a quarter-century later—see De Lancey Ferguson, "i. The Pen Took Charge," in "Rudyard Kipling: Two Footnotes," *New Colophon*, I, iv (Oct., 1948), 345.

21 Bonamy Dobrée, "Rudyard Kipling" (first published in *The Criterion*), *The Lamp and the Lute* (Oxford, 1929), 55 f.

22 Edmund Wilson, "The Kipling That Nobody Read" (first published in 1941), *The Wound and the Bow* (New York, 1947), 114.

23 Excerpted by E. W. Martindell in "More Uncollected Kipling Writings, II," *Kipling Journal*, no. 52 (Dec. 1939), 22 f.

24 Hilton Brown, *Rudyard Kipling*, 45.

25 J. G. Griffin, "Concerning 'Teem,' " *Kipling Journal*, no. 43 (Sept. 1937), 88.

26 Carrington, *Life of Kipling*, 162, 167.

27 Robinson, *Literature*, IV, no. 74, 284–6.

28 Eliot, *Choice of Kipling's Verse*, 24.

29 *Kipling Journal*, no. 35 (Sept. 1935), 87–96.

30 Wilson, *Wound and the Bow*, 162; cf. Beresford, *Schooldays with Kipling*, 247–9.

EXISTENTIALISM: A NEW VIEW OF MAN

John Wild

The objects of scientific investigation are quantitative and can be measured from the outside. Like the things that I touch and see, they lie before me in space. Many of the stars are seen at night by our unaided vision, and more through telescopes. Other entities may be reached through the microscope, and those too small for this must be conceived as lying before us in such a way that they might be seen if our eyes were possessed of sufficient power. Science can tell us nothing of the existence of these objects from the inside nor even if they have such an inside. It tells us only of their surface patterns and the sequence of these patterns in time.

Science is rightly restricted to such an external point of view. We do not expect it to penetrate to the heart of the matter, but only to predict its external behaviour for the sake of human control. From philosophy, on the other hand, men have always expected something more. It has constantly struggled to overcome the limitations of such an external perspective and to understand something of the thing as it is in itself, not merely as seen from the outside, but as it exists from the inside. Thus Plato tried to grasp the archetypal idea, or model, which governs the behaviour of the thing, and Aristotle the internal essence which directs the thing to its natural end. In the Middle Ages, Aquinas began to focus attention on the act of existing which brings the essence out of nothingness and realizes it. But in the field of anthropology and ethics he was content with an objective, essentialist analysis.

Modern philosophy for a time continued to emphasize this objective, spectatorial point of view, which now became closely associated with the rapid development of the natural sciences. It is true that Descartes found perfect certainty only in his inner lived experience. But he was chiefly interested in the realm of extended objects, and devoted little careful attention to inner existence and its peculiar structures. He found no need to forge new categories to describe it. The old objective cate-

gories were quite sufficient. In the end inner existence is simply called a thinking thing, one kind of thing among others. Hume dispensed with this subjective self altogether, and resolved the whole of experience into a set of impressions and ideas.

Kant saw the arbitrariness of this high-handed procedure, and realized that back of the realm of objects there must be a subject of some kind, apprehending it and in some sense making it possible. But he would not grant that this could be the insignificant self of the human person we observe in space and time, for it is only a complex observed object. The subject back of the world is a transcendental self in a noumenal realm beyond experience. The successors of Kant rejected the notion of a noumenal realm, but since they also refused to identify the transcendental subject with the concrete person, they were forced to devise unverifiable hypotheses of a floating, transcendental subject or spirit with no observable foundation in the world.

When these theories were abandoned for want of evidence, there was a general return to a Humian position, now called positivism, in which the emphasis is on objective data, or to naturalism, in which the emphasis is on non-religious ways of explaining these data, which is supposedly in accord with the spirit of science. In either case, being is identified with what can be envisaged by a detached observer from the outside. Human existence as lived from within is either ignored, or regarded as being so unstable, relative, and "subjective" as to have no cognitive value.

We might summarize this neglect of subjective existence as follows. Classical philosophy held that it could be dealt with as an object of some kind, a complex essence with successive properties and accidents. This turned out to be inadequate. Modern philosophy realized that something was missing and speculated about a transcendental subject beyond the finite person. No one ever thought of studying the finite existence of the human person as lived from within.

Then suddenly, more than a hundred years ago, during the reign of Hegelian philosophy in Europe, a young Danish thinker, Sören Kierkegaard, reflecting on Hegel's claim to have assimilated the whole of Christian life into his system, became aware of this objectivist trend in modern thought, and attacked it with great penetration and originality. There is a great difference between Christian faith as observed from the outside and as lived from within. The former attitude is detached and uncommitted. Its object is a timeless, abstract essence. The latter is passionately concerned and committed. It is not a theory about some abstraction, but a faith in concrete personal existence. This personal

faith cannot be included within any conceptual system. To think about Christianity is not the same as to exist as a Christian.

But one who is trying to exist in this way has a peculiar inner access to his own existence. He may describe it and contrast it with other modes of existence which are radically opposed. Kierkegaard devoted his keen powers of observation and his great literary talents to this task, embarking on a new exploration of the hitherto neglected region of the so-called "subjective." This exploration has since borne amazing fruit. Kierkegaard saw that modern thought, by neglecting the "subjective," had really neglected existence, for existence cannot be clearly envisaged from the outside. It can be adequately understood only from within. Feelings like boredom, melancholy, anxiety, and despair cannot be seen and measured. They must first be lived to be grasped as they really are. Our thought tends to lose itself in its object and to forget itself. But if we are really to understand this peculiarly human manifestation of man, we must understand it in relation to the thinker of the thought, as the guiding light of his existence. According to Kierkegaard, by grasping our existence we can understand thought, but by thought alone we shall never understand existence.

In his exploration of the forbidden region of "the subjective" he soon discovered that he was concerned not merely with a tiny individual object but with a world. Human existence is not enclosed within the limits of a physical organism here and now, but projects itself into regions of outer space, into the past, and into the future. To study the human person as he exists from within is to study a whole world as well as the subject that in some sense conditions it. The transcendental self is not a floating consciousness with no seat in the world. It is a phase of the existing person which cannot be adequately described by categories which apply to things, but is open to a type of empirical investigation and analysis never seriously attempted before.

In inaugurating this new study, Kierkegaard was also inaugurating a new approach to philosophy which is now called *existentialism*, and has been manifested in manifold and divergent forms. Both Heidegger and Marcel have repudiated this term because of their wish to dissociate themselves from certain doctrines of Sartre with which it has become associated in France, but as we need a general term to refer to the common features of this new philosophy, we shall continue to employ it—though in a sense much broader than that of Sartre. By existentialism we shall mean a new mode of thought initiated by Kierkegaard which attempts to approach the problem of being by a careful study of

personal existence as concretely lived. It differs from classical realism in denying that such existence can be adequately understood by the use of objective categories such as thing, time, and space. It differs from modern idealism in holding that the transcendental self is the human person in the concrete, and that this is open to disciplined empirical study. This new philosophy is still far from being in a finished state. It is too early to expect any complete and rounded doctrine. We shall restrict ourselves primarily to certain insights of Heidegger concerning the structure of human existence which have attracted wide attention and acceptance: the new field conception of human existence, certain central structures of personal life and its limits, and finally the ethical implications of existentialist thought.

I

According to the naturalist, the human body is a physical object with definite boundaries which is surrounded by other physical objects in geometric space. Private experience occurs within these boundaries, giving us a confused and distorted picture of ourselves and of the real world of science. The existentialists have shown that these views are not supported by the actual evidence. Let us consider them one by one.

A physical object simply lies before us with its various properties as something there, *on hand*, to be gazed at from a detached point of view. It lies within a geometric space, any point of which is like any other, at various measurable distances from things. But if we look carefully at the objects round about us, we shall find that they are not like this at all. The chairs and tables and windows of this room are implements *at hand* inviting me to action. They are not just there, but *there for something*. The book is ready to be opened. The window invites me to gaze outside. This environing space does not consist of positions each one of which is like any other. It is rather made up of *different* places, above me on the ceiling, below me on the floor, before me on the table. The things are either in their places, or just lying around. The room is a region oriented with respect to other regions, and this region is not merely the sum of the things that lie within. It has a structure of its own. Thus when I enter the room, I do not first have to count up the separate objects to know where I am. I must first grasp the region as a whole before I can *grasp* the places of the different implements.

Each region is for something, and points beyond itself to further regions. Taken together, they point to an ultimate object of care, for

the sake of which they all are. This is that ultimate horizon which I call *the world*, and within which I myself and all the beings I know are now located. What I have called *grasping* may begin within me, but certainly does not end there. It reaches out to the various regions of my care, and finally to the last horizon of the world itself in which I am. This reaching out is not separate from me, but a necessary part of my being. Throughout the whole of my waking life, I am stretched out into this world-field, approaching or receding from some region of care. My active existence is never locked up within the spatial limits of my body, nor included within a mind-thing, isolated from the world. Wherever I go, my world goes with me. Without a world-field surrounding him, there can be no human person.

A similar correction needs to be made with respect to the naturalistic view of time as a succession of "nows." On this view, the past has no reality of its own. When the past really was, it was a *now*. But now it is no longer. The future is a not-yet-*now*. What first occurs is the past, then the present, and last the future.

According to Heidegger, this conception of time involves many misconceptions, not the least of which is the confusion of time with the things that happen in time. These things occur one after the other. But the different phases, or ecstasies, of time (past, present, and future) do not succeed each other in this way. They occur all together as parts of an integral structure of human existence, or not at all. Just as man is stretched out spatially into surrounding regions of care, so human existence, or *Dasein* as Heidegger calls it, is stretched out temporally into the ecstasies (outstretchings) of time.

What I call the past is not all gone, because it never was all there. In its own time it had its own past, and even more important, its own future which may overlap with my future, and may be now sustained and repeated. As we shall see, it is such sustaining of human purpose and choice that alone gives unity and integrity to our existence. This existence cannot be enclosed within the limits of a physical organism or squeezed within the confines of a specious present. As long as man exists he is unfinished, always stretched out into the past and projected into the future. He can, of course, order his world in different ways. But some world he must have.

This field conception is already beginning to have a profound effect on depth psychology and psychiatry. It used to be held that mentally disturbed patients projected their internal feelings into the surrounding world, and that their accounts of what appeared to be going on around

them were, therefore, of little importance. It is now being recognized that our feelings reveal the world to us, and that we are necessarily projected into a world-field. Hence a disturbed patient will necessarily involve a disturbed world. Thus the psychiatrist needs to listen to what the patient tells him of his world. He may be reporting facts quite as genuine as the internal phases of his disorder, and the former may provide important clues to the latter.

It is also being discovered that the human body and its organs are much more than what the surgeon or physician observes from the outside. This body is not merely a physical object to be seen and measured from a detached point of view. It is also a phase of personal existence. As Marcel says, I *am* my body. I do not merely have it as an instrument.

II

The establishment of this field conception of human existence by methods of exact empirical description and analysis has profound implications for the understanding of personal life. For example, it is no longer possible to think of "subjective" experience as an inner process or stream running on within the limits of a human organism. This conception has failed to stand up against critical examination. In fact, the traditional concepts of the *subjective* and the *objective* have turned out to be so confused and inadequate that they are scrupulously avoided by more careful thinkers such as Heidegger and Marcel. It is impossible to divide our experience into these two separate regions: on the one hand, my inner feelings and thoughts which are private and known directly only by me; and on the other, objective events in the world which are public and accessible to anyone.

Two considerations can be urged against this division. In the first place, there are basic data, like being, which belong in neither of these supposed "regions" but which pervade them both. The *world* in which I exist is neither exclusively inner nor outer. My "subjective" thoughts and feelings are in the very same world as the revolution of the planets and the explosion of a distant star. In the second place, the most basic of my inner experiences are inextricably united with external "objects" from which they cannot be separated without their own destruction. My private fear is intentionally directed to a threatening object approaching some region of care. If it disappears, my fear goes with it. The human person is never enclosed within a mind-substance. As long as he exists, he is stretched out to the farthest limits of his world.

Human existence is not only stretched out towards impersonal events in the future, present, and past; it is also stretched out towards other persons. A child is not first of all locked up within a substantial container, which may then develop relations to others. In fact, unless it can transmit its private feelings to others, it cannot exist at all. This being-with-others may occur in many varying modes, but it is a necessary phase of the child's existence which must be manifested in some mode throughout the whole of life. We are not first of all alone, then having relations to others added on to this original aloneness. It is rather that to-be-with-others is an essential aspect of the original being that I have to be. Thus in Heidegger's terminology, being alone is a privative or special mode of that being-with-others which always, in some form or other, belongs to my being-in-the-world.

In the light of this new empiricism, it is impossible to hold any longer that feelings are states inside the living organism. As we have already noted, a feeling like fear stretches out intentionally beyond the body to make us aware of external dangers. Sensory feelings, like touch and sight, are also intentional in structure. But it has now become clear that these intentional modes of apprehension with definite objects are not the most elemental and primitive forms of consciousness, as has long been maintained by the British "empiricists" and their modern followers. As a matter of fact, they are a highly specialized and late development. They arise from those more undifferentiated types of awareness which we call moods and sentiments.

These elemental modes of feeling are not intentionally directed to a specific object. But they are certainly not confined to what is within the body. They provide us with a dim and flickering light in which we grasp the world as a whole, and how it goes with us. It is from this global awareness that our more clearly focused apprehensions take their origin, and to which they return. Feeling reveals the bare facticity of my being in the world as I already am. It is blind to my own pure possibilities and those of other things.

These possibilities are revealed by what we call *understanding*. Heidegger draws this distinction very sharply in his influential work, *Sein und Zeit*. But after making it, he points out that the two are never sharply separated in our adult, waking life. Human facticity must not be confused with an objective fact that is simply all there, as what it is. Since we are always projected into the future, our existence is never all there. Feeling, therefore, always includes an element of futurity. A future project on the other hand, if it is not a mere wish or a daydream,

must take account of the past that I am, and have been. Hence all thought has a background of feeling.

It is clear that the living body is involved in feeling, and that feeling is involved in what we call *thought*. Even our common sense language has now been deeply influenced by Cartesian dualism which looks upon the mind and the body as two separate things, and disregards the existence in which these diverse levels are held together. In order to describe them as they appear in the concrete, a new language must be forged. Our experience does not come to us neatly divided into atomistic units or impressions *à la* Hume. Our being is not so much a being-enclosed-within as a dynamic being-to.

In order to convey an accurate sense of this complex relational structure, hyphenated phrases like being-in-the-world, being-at-hand-for-, and being-with- must be used. Sometimes this terminology, so characteristic of the existential literature, seems artificial and tortuous. Certainly it has not yet settled into any well-established and generally accepted forms. If we get beyond the words and stretch out our thought to the actual phenomena, we may begin to see that this is not so much a perverse verbalism as a creative struggle of mind and word to lift vast ranges of personal being into the light of free reflection and communication.

My body is not a thing from which I am separated. It is not even an instrument, for it is the necessary condition for the existence of any instruments. It is a part of me, a level of my being. Nevertheless there are other levels, like thought and choice, which are quite distinct and yet I am one person. If I say *I am mind*, I leave out the body. If I say *I am body*, I leave out the mind. If I follow Descartes in saying *I am both*, I cut myself in two. Is it not clear that we are fumbling for a more basic concept, neither mind nor matter but broad enough to include both levels? *Being* is precisely such a concept, long reduced in our modern languages to a semi-dormant state. If we are to understand the unity of the human person, we must revive this "obvious" concept, and put it to new uses. Thus in his penetrating discussion of the mind-body problem in the *Mystery of Being*, Marcel refers to the active being of the human person who *incarnates himself in his body*, and *who lives it*.

Of central importance for the understanding of personal existence is anxiety. The peculiar quality of anxious feeling was recognized in the classic literature of Christianity. In modern times, however, it has been neglected and ignored. Descartes, for example, does not even mention it in his treatise on the *Passions of the Soul*. Most of us are now aware that it has some importance for abnormal psychology, but we regard it

as a morbid symptom of some kind which certainly plays no major rôle in normal life. Kierkegaard was the first modern thinker who recognized this strange phenomenon, and challenged the prevailing invidious interpretation. He is followed in this by the existentialists of our time who all agree on the importance of the rôle which it plays in human existence. There are, of course, many different interpretations, but that given by Heidegger in *Sein und Zeit* is now the most carefully thought out and widely accepted.

Like Kierkegaard, he works out his conception of anxiety by contrasting it with fear, from which it differs in two basic respects. In the case of fear, I am afraid *of* some definite object approaching me *because of* its threat to some project or active phase of my being. The *of which* is always different from the *because of which*. Thus I am afraid *of* such and such an eye-disease *because of* my research. In the case of anxiety, no such difference is observed. If we question a really anxious person as to precisely what it is he is anxious about, he will say: "I don't know, really nothing." If we ask him why? Because of what is he anxious?—we elicit the same reply. What does it mean? What is this nothing?

According to the existentialist view, the answer means the very opposite of what it seems to say. In our everyday life, we are for the most part lost in *the things* we do, the functions we perform. Thus we say he is a lawyer or a doctor; she is a teacher or a nurse. These functions are interchangeable, and can be performed by others. In personal existence, however, there is something unique and irreplaceable, which goes deeper than this. This existence can be totally grasped only in the final perspective of my death. It is the whole of my being-in-the-world that I am anxious about, for the sake of this being itself as it might be, if its last possibilities were fully maintained up to the very end. This existence of mine is not just the functions I perform. It is not any of *the things* that I do. It is precisely no-thing. The answer is correct.

The definite things that I fear may be strong and dangerous. But precautions may be taken; measures may be adopted to ward them off. Such dangers are usually shared by others. Even if not, *they* may give us advice and active assistance. The object of anxiety is nothing at all of this sort. It is now my very being that is at stake, not the various functions that might be done by others, but what I alone can do on my own responsibility, not this or that phase of my being, not the next ten days, or the next ten years, but the whole of my being-to-the-end. Is my factual being-in-the-world as I am now, the real being that I *have* to be? Such anxious questions as this cannot be answered by any

resort to technological instruments. No calculating machine can answer them. No other can answer them for me. They may, however, be evaded.

I may run away from my anxiety when it begins to encircle me. I may discard it as a morbid delusion, deciding to be sensible, and to go about my business. Here too I must face risks. But these are no longer a misty nothingness, but definite dangers against which definite precautions may be taken. This depersonalization of existence is in fact the easier way. Hence we may be able to glimpse what Heidegger means by his statement that the impersonal *one* of everyday life (*das Man*) is constantly evading his anxiety, and attempting to replace it by derived forms of fear.

This strange feeling singles out the person by himself alone. Like death, it is something that I must face alone. It also brings me before those last possibilities of my total existence which elicit final choice. Hence Kierkegaard said that anxiety was the gateway to human freedom. As soon as we pass through this gateway, we are confronted with the mysterious phenomenon of conscience, of which Heidegger has also presented a very penetrating analysis.

We now tend to picture conscience by the image of a courtroom scene in which, after a guilty action, I am called before a stern judge who passes a severe sentence by reference to fixed rules. According to Heidegger, this is a distorted picture which fails to do justice to the actual phenomenon in several important respects. It does not explain why we speak of conscience as "a distant voice" or "call," nor why we refer to "the goads and pricks" of conscience. These expressions would seem to suggest a summons to future action rather than an *ex post facto* judgment on acts already performed. The threat of conscience is not restricted to certain specific acts. It penetrates to the depths of our being, and threatens our rules and norms as well. How then is it to be interpreted? Heidegger's existential analysis of man enables him to answer this question in a way that is both original and revealing.

Most of us have abandoned ourselves to objective ways of thought, and to the impersonal modes of everyday life. Usually, I do not say what I really think, nor act as I really choose. I say the sort of thing that one would say, and do the sort of thing that one does. This is my guilt, the futile distracted being that I have been and feel myself now to be.

But man is always more than what he already is. He is also projected ahead of himself into the future, even into his last and final future. All men know that they face death. They are at least dimly aware of their final possibilities, of what they might be if they strained their capacities

to the very limit. These real possibilities are not external to me, possible accretions that may or may not be added to what I am. They belong to my ecstatic being, which cannot be compressed into a mere present. I *am* these real possibilities now. Conscience, indeed, is a witness to this, a communication to my lost and distracted self from, and a knowing-with (*con-science*), the self that I might become.

The voice of conscience is a call to me now from the distant future where I also am, calling me to become what I really am. This explains why we hear people speaking of conscience as something distant and in a certain sense alien, while at the same time admitting that nothing is more personal. My conscience is no mere *ex post facto* critic of this or that action already performed. It comes out of me from beyond me, calling me to total and integral existence.

My conscience is not curious. It does not have to be shown. It knows these things already. Its voice is unambiguous. We always know what it means. Yet it is chary of words, and expresses itself most forcibly by silence. It does not seek for an answer in words. I cannot argue with my conscience. Any genuine answer must take the form of real choice and decisive action, though we must remember here that thought is an essential part of any human act, and in itself, if genuine, an intensive form of action. But whatever our project may be, and however our world is organized around it, we must think it through seriously, and commit ourselves to it.

Ever since Kierkegaard, the need for final commitment has been a constant theme of existentialist thought. It has often been interpreted as a demand for blind and irrational action. But this is a misunderstanding of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, and the best existentialist thought. It is not directed against thought but rather against a certain type of objective thought, a thoughtless thought which is unaware of its existential roots and its human finitude. Kierkegaard has this in mind when he speaks of an acquaintance who was so detached and objective about his own affairs that in talking to him one felt he was listening not to the man himself but to a distant relative, perhaps an uncle.

Human life is certainly dangerous and filled with risk. But it is all we have. Hence by trying to detach ourselves from it, we run the additional risk of losing our existence. Furthermore, any such attempt is a hollow pretence, for in the end it is evident that even the most objective and far-reaching speculation is the finite thought of a weak and fragile individual. But why are not tentative choices enough? Why is a final commitment necessary? The existentialist answer to these questions is

best understood by reflecting upon the meaning of what we call *human integrity* or wholeness.

All the parts of a physical process can never exist all together at once. It achieves itself in successive stages. At a given moment it is not the past and not the future, but just what it is. The cognitive being of man gives rise to a very different structure. Through what I call my memory, I not only grow out of the past like a plant: I am now the past that I have been. The future is not merely something external that may happen to me: by self-reflection and choice I can project my future. And in so far as I do this, I am the future I am now projecting. Thus it is possible for man to achieve a new and distinctively human type of wholeness, the concentration of an integral past and integral future in a present act.

The most distinctively human acts have this sort of integrity. When confronted by them in history or in our own experience, we are impressed by the sense that in them the full force of a whole human life, future, present, and past, is being expressed. This is human existence in its most concentrated and intensive form. It may seem to occur in a single moment of critical decision. But as a matter of fact, such a moment requires a prolonged preparation and arduous discipline. Human action is always historical and rooted in the past. If integral action is to be achieved, the first step must be to accept a total responsibility for the past that I have been, with all the weakness, ugliness, and guilt that attaches to it. Then there may be a choice which will commit me only to a certain degree, with a certain part of my being, for several days, or months, or years, after which it is replaced by other choices. Such a life disappears into a past that is not maintained. It is lived successively like a process that runs off in time. The *whole* of the man is never engaged with the *whole* of his personality at a present moment, but only certain parts of himself that appear for an interval, and then disappear. A genuine choice commits me with the whole of my being up to the very end. Such a choice must be renewed, and, to use a term from Kierkegaard, "repeated" from day to day. Otherwise the historic structure of life disintegrates, and its powers waste away.

According to the existentialist view, this structure is closely related to human freedom of choice, which is universally accepted by all who are even peripherally associated with this school of thought. The phenomenological evidence that real choices are actually made is too abundant and unambiguous. Theories of determinism are never based on a careful observation of human action in the concrete. They arise rather

from a speculative attempt to squeeze all the rich data of experience into the abstract framework of that special, objective point of view which is appropriate for the special sciences. But when this point of view is made absolute it leads either to the neglect or to the distortion of "subjective" evidence, and ends in the reduction of the human person to a thing. All existentialist thinkers would agree to this. But neither Heidegger, Jaspers, nor Marcel would accept the extreme view of Sartre that human freedom is unlimited and finds its only possible expression in purely arbitrary preferences.

The whole of existentialist literature is saturated with a poignant sense of the fragility and contingency of man. From the time of Kierkegaard's bitter rejection of the Hegelian doctrine of an immanent absolute spirit, it has been primarily a philosophy of finitude. This finitude is to be understood not so much in terms of absent properties as of pervasive obstacles which check the power of our free existence, and whose obstructive influence is present in every act that we perform. Certain obstacles are open to objective analysis. Once understood, we may take measures against them and sometimes, by the application of scientific intelligence, overcome them one by one. Other obstacles, however, are more basic. We can understand their negative effect, but we cannot see beyond them. They tower over our action like great walls we cannot climb, and through which we can never pass. Against these, technological instruments in the end are useless. They are the final and inexorable limits of our being. Jaspers has called them boundary-situations, and has described several with penetrating clarity.

One of them is the *situationality* of our existence. I may analyse clearly the difficulties of my present position, make shrewd calculations, and throw myself into the task of overcoming them. But if I succeed, it is only to find myself in another situation with further obstacles to overcome. Whenever I am, whatever I do, I am always in a situation. This is an unsurpassable limit to our existence.

Another such limit is what we call *chance*, which can never be clearly predicted, and may always intrude at the last moment to upset the best-laid plans.

Conflict is a further limit of this sort. Though we may disguise it and try to conceal it from ourselves, it conditions our existence constantly and fundamentally. Every moment that I live deprives someone else of existence. My life is possible only through military conquests made by those who came before me. Its continuance, together with that of millions of others, now depends upon weapons of vast destructive power.

No doubt the forms of conflict and competition may be changed. But to think of eliminating them entirely is to indulge in a futile dream.

As we have already noted, what we call *guilt* is another such ultimate limit. Here again we may try to run away from it and ignore it. But these attempts are futile. In the end, whatever I choose, whatever I do, I am still guilty.

Then there is the final limit of *death*, a dominant theme in the literature of existentialism, beginning with Kierkegaard. In it, all the marks of an existential limit emerge with peculiar clarity. That it is, all men are sure. I know that I am going to die. But I cannot see clearly beyond. I cannot pass through as I am. It may be postponed and pushed back by medical science, but *in the end* such measures are futile. It looms over me as an inexorable and inscrutable wall about which I can do nothing.

It is true that technical measures and manipulations are helpless against such limits. In this sense nothing can be done. But there is another sense in which everything can be done. To reflect upon these boundaries seriously is to raise the ultimate questions of our existence. The way we face them reveals the kind of being we are, for the way a finite being holds itself with respect to its ultimate limits is the very core of that being. Even an unconscious thing becomes diluted and confused when its limits are confused. But to be aware belongs to the being of man. Hence to become evasive or confused about these limits is to confuse our existence at its very core. As Jaspers says: "Authentic existence is possible only in the light of these ultimate boundaries."

III

The preponderant attention which has been paid to the literary and philosophical works of Sartre has helped to spread the impression that existentialist ethics is altogether relativistic and rests exclusively on an unfounded and irrational choice. These epithets, however, apply even to Sartre only with a serious qualification, and to other serious thinkers of this school not at all. Any articulate view of the nature of man is bound to have implications for action, and as we have tried to suggest, the different existentialist thinkers have begun to develop a view of man which has many common features as well as a striking historic novelty. This view carries with it ethical implications of a definitely non-relativistic kind.

A basic reason for this misunderstanding lies in the fact that traditional ethics from Greek philosophy down to Kant has been interested primarily in formulating a theory of virtues, or *kinds* of act that need to

be performed if the essence of man, a *kind* of being, is to be realized. The existentialists on the other hand are not so much concerned with the abstract essence of man as with the existence which brings it into act. No matter what *kind* of thing we think or do, the act may be performed in an unsound way. The moral question raised by these thinkers, therefore, is not so much the traditional formula, *what* should I do? as *how* shall I do it. One may certainly question whether this last is the only moral question to be raised, but it would be absurd to deny that it is of basic importance. In addition to essentialist values (*kinds of act*) there are existential values as well (*modes of action*). In this field, the existential doctrine is original and far from relativistic, though we shall have time for only a brief comment on three such existential values that have already been touched upon.

The first is the value of existential thought. Neither Kierkegaard nor any of his living followers has denied that true information about man and human and sub-human structures may be attained by the application of the detached, objective attitude which is characteristic of science. Such an attitude abstracts from its own existence, and loses itself in the objects with which it is concerned. This does not mean that it is necessarily misleading. It matters a great deal *how* it is done. If it retains a germ of self-consciousness, remembering that it is after all only one attitude among many others, that the objects and laws which it abstractly focuses are pervaded by an ocean of existence which includes vast ranges of non-objective data as well, then it will be done in a spirit of harmless humility.

But if it loses itself completely in the objects it sees, regarding these objects as all there is, and trying finally to fit itself and human existence as such into this field of abstractions, then it will be done in a spirit of objective pride which must lead to terrible distortions, and ultimately to the dehumanization of man. The world of human existence can never be fitted into the universe of objects that have been abstracted from it. A mode of detached thought that tries to do this, because it is unaware of is own existence, can never be authentic.

Freedom is not a property of man nor any set of properties. Hence it has been in general neglected and never subjected to sufficiently searching analyses by classical philosophy. As a matter of fact, it is a way of existing which, in its various modes authentic and unauthentic, pervades everything we think and do. It is intensely personal and can never be understood by objective categories. A free act grows out of anxiety and responds to the call of the conscience. I perform it out of myself and my own thoughts and choices. I lose it in so far as I allow myself to be

passively swayed by objects and forces external to me. Even the best kind of act may be performed in a non-spontaneous and impersonal way, which, to this degree, must deprive it of possible value. Sartre's view of an unrestricted human freedom is certainly false. As Heidegger says, men are *thrown* into the world. They did not choose to be born. But by choosing to accept themselves as they are, with all their limitations, men may open themselves to a *limited* freedom which may give a new tone to the whole of life.

The third existential value, integrity, we have already considered in another connection. We need only add here that it is certainly not a property or any set of properties, but rather a total structure pervading all that I think or do in a mode that is either authentic or unauthentic. The classical tradition conceived of it as a timeless whole of virtues (qualities) arranged in a hierarchical order. But while the human essence and its properties may be timeless, the act of existing is temporal. Hence human integrity can be achieved only by an ecstatic mode of existing which holds to its past, projects itself into a final future, and concentrates them both in a present act, all together at once. This novel conception has many moral implications. In contemporary books on ethics, for example, it is rare to find any careful consideration of human temporality, historicity, anxiety, and death. In view of the new light that has now been shed on these important topics, it is difficult to see how any informed ethics of the future can avoid them.

Is there anything radically new about this philosophy? If we take account of the best existentialist writings, such as Kierkegaard's *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*, Marcel's *Metaphysical Journal*, Jaspers's *Philosophie*, and Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit*, an affirmative answer must be given.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that this philosophy is *subjectivistic* in the sense that human cognition distorts reality, and cannot know it as it is. On the contrary, these philosophers all hold that being, and especially human being, can be known as it is. In this they agree with classical realism, and have continued its intensive quest for being. But they are no longer content with essentialist analysis and its timeless abstractions. In place of this, they have discovered new ways of access to personal existence.

It is equally mistaken to suppose that this philosophy is *objectivistic* in holding that the being of the knower may be ignored or adequately known as an object among other objects. On the contrary, these philosophers hold that the personal existence of the knower can never

be known as an object among other objects. In this, they agree with modern idealism and have continued its search for the transcendental self. But they are no longer content with transcendental spirits which float through the world, and constitute it from beyond. In place of this, they have discovered that the transcendental self is an aspect of the concrete person, namely his existence.

There is a sense, therefore, in which this is a radically new philosophy beyond both idealism and realism. It is a living mode of thought that applies to the problems of living men, and expresses their implicit feeling for life and their place in human history. In its profounder manifestations, as in Kierkegaard and Heidegger, it has achieved insights the significance of which will probably extend far beyond our own time and place in history.

MEREDITH ON THE NATURE OF METAPHOR

Deborah S. Austin

Meredith has been praised and blamed for making so much use of imagery in his novels, but so far his own pronouncements—and there were many—on the nature and use of metaphor have not been isolated from the rest of his work and made available in one place. They make interesting reading, for they show us that the most conscious stylist among the great English novelists of the nineteenth century was almost pathologically aware of the powers of metaphor to illumine or to obscure meaning.

Since the publication of *The Shaving of Shagpat*, in 1856, Meredith's style has been a barrier to readers, but his early critics persisted in regarding the stylistic eccentricity as something which, if pointed out to him, he would soon outgrow. Actually, it was the first manifestation of a type of experiment with language which Meredith was to continue for the rest of his life. He was concerned, probably more than any of his contemporaries, with what Mark Schorer has called "the word, with figurative structures, with rhetoric as skeleton and style a body of meaning."[1] "The point to be considered," Meredith said, as early as *Sandra Belloni* (1864), "is, whether fiction demands a perfectly smooth surface. Undoubtedly a scientific work does, and a philosophical treatise should. When we ask for facts simply, we feel the intrusion of style. Of fiction it is a part."[2] What follows in the same passage is the opening skirmish in Meredith's long war with the British public. For though in his early novels[3] he made certain efforts to adapt his manner of expression to the general reader, there were certain compromises in the use of language that Meredith quite consistently refused to make.

His refusal, like most cases of stubbornness on the part of creative intelligence, was based on a mixture of conviction and prejudice. A poet writing novels, Meredith was sure that the image-making capacities of the poet had a valid use in the novel. A professional Celt, proud of his swiftness of apprehension, he felt strongly that Anglo-Saxon readers

needed to be schooled in subtlety. And, as is true of most people with a strong didactic turn of mind, failure often made him angry or hurt, but it never made him give up. The English race was not imaginative. Very well, then, its imagination required stimulation, for it was just this bluntness of perception which caused the failure of so many human relationships. The novelist, who dealt as a matter of course with the effect of human beings on each other, should provide this education in subtlety, but he seldom did so because, as Meredith pointed out,

> our language is not rich in subtleties for prose. A writer who is not servile and has insight, must coin from his own mint. In poetry we are rich enough; but in prose also we owe everything to the licence our poets have taken in the teeth of critics. . . . Our simplest prose style is nearer to poetry with us, for this reason, that the poets have made it. . . . Mr. Runningbrook coins words and risks expressions because an imaginative Englishman, pen in hand, is the cadet and vagabond of the family—an exploring adventurer . . . the necessity to write as he does is so great that a strong barrier—a *cheveaux-de-frise* of pen-points—must be raised against every newly-minted word and hazardous coiner, or we shall be inundated. If he can leap the barrier, he and his goods must be admitted. . . . poetic rashness of the right kind enriches the language. I would make it prove its quality. (*Sandra Belloni*, 64–5.)

It was against this "*cheveaux-de-frise*" that Meredith was to hurl himself for the next forty years, often quixotically, but always with sincere faith in the cause for which he fought. As time passed, irritation with critics and public alike contorted his prose beyond the baroque to the grotesque, but we find in the last novel (*The Amazing Marriage*, 1895) very nearly the same defiance and determination that had been expressed in the third:

> A notation of the cries in air at a time of surgent public excitement can hardly yield us music; and the wording of them, by the aid of compounds and transplants, metaphors and similes only just within range of the arrows of Phoebus' bow (*i.e.* the farthest flight known), would, while it might imitate the latent poetry, expose venturesome writers to the wrath of a people commendably believing their language a perfected instrument when they prefer the request for a plateful, and commissioning their literary police to brain audacious experimenters who enlarge or wing it beyond the downright aim at that mark. (P. 474.)

C. Day Lewis, in speaking of Meredith's poetry, called him the greatest image-maker since Shakespeare.[4] Like many writers who use images extensively, Meredith was well aware that figurative language was confusing to certain all-too-prevalent types of mentality. Satirically, he took account of this in the novels by making metaphor come between

his characters when they tried to communicate with each other. Young Beauchamp is an example of the extremely literal mind. Cecilia "discovered that he could be easily fretted by similes and metaphors: they set him staggering and groping like an ancient knight of faery in a forest bewitched" (*Beauchamp's Career*, 159). The invalid Mr. Dale, weakened by the startling series of events near the end of *The Egoist*, murmurs to Mrs. Mountstuart, "I'm unable to cope with analogies. I have but strength for the slow digestion of facts" (p. 556). Reluctantly, Laetitia admits that "similes have the merit of satisfying the finder of them, and cheating the hearer" (p. 604). Or, as the irritated Beauchamp puts it, "There's nothing like a metaphor for an evasion!" (*Beauchamp's Career*, 160). Later in the book, he pities Jenny Denham, as she says, "in the snares of simile and metaphor" (p. 612). Lady Charlotte Eglett, in a crucial conversation with Lord Adderwood, feels that "these metaphors carry us off our ground" (*Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, 41)—a typical reaction for her, since Meredith has made her one of the most straightforward, huntin', shootin' Englishwomen imaginable. Even Cecilia Halkett, who has herself entangled Beauchamp in comparisons, finds herself troubled by them when Mr. Austin explains the political situation to her. "I know you would not talk down to me," she says, "but the use of imagery makes me feel that I am addressed as a primitive intelligence." Austin's reply might well have been spoken by Meredith himself in defence of many obscure passages in the novels: "That's the fault of my trying at condensation, as the hieroglyphists put an animal for a paragraph" (*Beauchamp's Career*, 300).

Yet, with all his realization of the dangers involved, Meredith preferred to be a hieroglyphist. To avoid or simplify his use of metaphor would have involved modifying his concept of the novelist's role, and the tone in which he recommended this course is an indication of how little he intended to follow it: "The writer in this country will, however, be made safest, and the excellent body of self-appointed thongmen, who walk up and down our ranks flapping their leathern straps to terrorize us from experiments in imagery, will best be satisfied, by the statement that she was indescribable: a term that exacts no labour of mind from him or from them, for it flows off the pen as readily as it fills a vacuum."[5]

There were other pitfalls besides misunderstanding awaiting the image-maker. Meredith was aware of and victim of the most obvious ones: he became a phrase-maker, and he was too often beguiled by the success of one comparison into using too many of them, so that meaning became lost in a turmoil of meaningfulness. It was experience that

prompted him to say, in the guise of Vernon Whitford, "You see how easy it is to deceive one who is an artist in phrases. . . . That is why people of ability like Mrs. Mountstuart see so little; they are so bent on describing brilliantly." (*The Egoist*, 371, 372.) A self-conscious effort to curb his own exuberance is found in *Diana of the Crossways*. He first mentions "a murky web, not without colour: the ever-flying banner of the metropolis, the smoke of the city's chimneys, if you prefer plain language." Then, after telling us that Lady Dunstane was so horrified by the gaudy prose used to publicize the sale of her country house that she withdrew the estate from the market, he adds, "Retract we likewise 'banner of the metropolis.' That plush of speech haunts all efforts to swell and illuminate citizen prose to a princely poetic." (Pp. 44–5.) One notices, however, that he keeps "a murky web," and is basing his dislike of the discarded image on quality rather than quantity.

It is this same wariness in the presence of metaphor which underlies various incidents in the novels. At Lakelands, the country estate of the Radnors, Victor and Lady Grace refuse to join in the conversational fireworks with which the other members of the company express their admiration of the place. Surrounded by natural beauty, they "rejected any play of conceits upon nature. Violent and horrid interventions of the counterfeit, such mad similes appeared to them, when pure coin was offered." (*One of Our Conquerors*, 88.) Again, in *The Tragic Comedians*, when Alvan wishes to explain something to Clotilde, he asks her first, "You have no dislike of metaphors and parables? We Jews are a parable people. . . . Provided always that the metaphor be not like the metaphysician's treatise on Nature: a torch to see the sunrise!" (P. 40.)

Though his characters might converse about the danger of using figures of speech, Meredith pursued his experiments undeterred. As a novelist, he felt strongly that there were certain states of mind that could not be adequately suggested without it. In *One of Our Conquerors*, for example, Dudley Sowerby, an extremely proper, indeed a tiresome, young man, learns that his prospective wife is illegitimate. Dudley honestly loves Nesta, but he is too conventional to act nobly in his crisis. Within the framework of prescribed Victorian behaviour, he feels deeply and sincerely, according to his lights. Meredith's description of Dudley's emotional state is one of the most complex pieces of imagery in the novels,[6] and Meredith defends his use of it in a paragraph revealing in its splenetic violence of language and in its real discernment of the power of metaphor:

> The internal state of a gentleman who detested intangible metaphor as heartily as the vulgarest of our gobble-gobbets hate it, metaphor only can describe; and for the reason, that he had in him just something more than is within the compass of the language of the meat-markets. He had—and had not the less because he fain would not have had—sufficient stuff to furnish forth a soul's epic encounter between Nature and Circumstance: and metaphor, simile, analysis, all the fraternity of old lamps for lighting our abysmal darkness, have to be rubbed, that we may get a glimpse of the fray. (P. 314.)

If passages like the description of Dudley disturbed his public, Meredith was convinced that the fault lay with the readers, who did not know how to "catch the fine flavour of analogy and be wafted in a beat of wings across the scene. . . . It is the excelling merit of similes and metaphors to spring us to vault over gaps and thickets and dreary places. But, as with the visits of Immortals, we must be ready to receive them. Beware, moreover, of examining them too scrupulously: they have a trick of wearing to vapour if closely scanned. Let it be gratefully for their aid." (P. 189.) Such an admonishment does not seem impudent to the serious modern reader, accustomed to leaping from image to image in the poetry of Dylan Thomas or the novels of Woolf and Joyce. But to the reader and to most critics of the novel in the nineteenth century this sort of advice seemed affected and even silly. "It is . . . by analogy," Blackmur tells us, "that I believe the mind makes its richest movements, and it is by analogy that I believe the mind makes its deepest use of what it has understood. . . ."[7] But Meredith was writing for a world in which there had been very little investigation of the psychological and revelatory powers of metaphor. No one had yet defined types of ambiguity, or indicated their merits. Meredith, like Mrs. Mountstuart, "detested the analysis of [his] sentence. It had an outline in vagueness, and was flung out to be apprehended, not dissected." (*The Egoist*, 51.) But such subtlety on the part of a novelist, presumably writing to please at least some part of the public, met with incredulity and ridicule from all but a few admirers.[8]

In spite of the frustrations inherent in the attempt to communicate by means of metaphors, however, the creation and use of them continues to bedevil and fascinate most writers. Meredith's characters who were themselves writers reflect this. Even Agostino, the old librettist-revolutionist, delighted in exploding a "train of conceits" (*Vittoria*, 11). As for Diana, herself a novelist, in her hour of deepest unhappiness, "Metaphors were her refuge. Metaphorically she could allow her mind to distinguish the struggle she was undergoing, sinking under it. The banished of Eden had to put on metaphors, and the common use of

them has helped largely to civilize us. The sluggish in intellect detest them, but our civilization is not much indebted to that major faction." (*Diana of the Crossways*, 275.) Gower Woodseer, who is a writer-philosopher, always "bent to pick and perfect, polish [his] phrase," is badgered by a perception of possibilities for imagery which makes language act like a live thing. At his first sight of the Countess Livia, "a swarm of images rushed about her and away, took lustre and shade. . . . language became a flushed Bacchanal in a ring of dancing similes." Later, when he tries to get his first impression on paper, it is only with an effort that he is able to "escape for a time from his coil of similes," but the escape is a brief one, and contemplation of the beloved object drives him to them once more. (*The Amazing Marriage*, 191, 97, 103.)

It is impossible to read the novels without feeling that Gower's dilemma was Meredith's own.[9] His preoccupation with metaphor, the intensity of his perception of the special power it confers on the writer of fiction, are everywhere evident in his books—often by indirection, but often enough in direct statement to show us that his use of imagery was far from unconscious or uncontrollable.

The importance of Meredith's imagery lies not in the fact that he uses it, but in what he uses it for—where, how much, and for what effect. Close study of these aspects of his style show Meredith to have been unique in his time in adapting the tools of poetry to the novel. If, as Mark Schorer says, "the final lesson of the modern novel is that technique is not the secondary thing that it seemed to Wells, some external machination, a mechanical affair, but a deep and primary operation; not only that technique *contains* intellectual and moral implications, but that it *discovers* them," we may regard Meredith's long and bitter struggle to acquaint his readers with the powers of metaphor as prophetic. It is conclusive evidence from the nineteenth century of serious experimentation with functions of the novel which have not received adequate critical consideration until our own time.

NOTES

1 Mark Schorer, "Fiction and the Analogical Matrix," *Kenyon Review*, XI (Autumn 1949), 539.

2 George Meredith, *Sandra Belloni* (London, 1909), p. 63. All references to the novels are from *The Works of George Meredith*, Memorial Edition (27 vols.; London, 1909–11).

3 Notably, *Evan Harrington, Sandra Belloni, Vittoria, The Adventures of Harry Richmond,* and *Rhoda Fleming.*

4 C. Day Lewis, *The Poetic Image* (Oxford, 1948), 82.

5 *Beauchamp's Career,* 382–3. Meredith elsewhere shows his preoccupation with this idea when Victor Radnor, toying with the possibility of starting a journal criticizing English economic policy, muses that "the journalists should be close under their editor's rod to put it in sound bold English;—no metaphors, no similes, nor flowery insubstantiality: but honest Saxon manger stuff" (*One of Our Conquerors,* 208). The taste in style represented here is, of course, the conventional Victor's, not that of his creator.

6 ". . . his idea of a positive injury, that was not without its congratulations, sank him down among his disordered deeper sentiments; which were a diver's wreck, where an armoured livid subtermarine, a monstrous puff-ball of man, wandered seriously light in heaviness; trebling his hundredweights to keep him from dancing like a bladder-block of elastic lumber; thinking occasionally, amid the mournful spectacle, of the atmospheric pipe of communication with the world above, whereby he was deafened yet sustained. One tug at it, and he was up on the surface, disengaged from the hideous harness, joyfully no more that burly phantom cleaving green slime, free! and the roaring stopped; the world looked flat, foreign; a place of crusty promise. His wreck, animated by the dim strange fish below, appeared fairer; it winked lurefully when abandoned." (*One of Our Conquerors,* 314.)

7 Richard Blackmur, "The Lion and the Honeycomb," *Hudson Review,* III (1951), 490.

8 In a paper on *The Egoist* in the *National Review* (Oct. 1899), William Watson calls it "the most entirely wearisome book purporting to be a novel that I have ever toiled through in my life. . . . hardly a page but is distinguished by some fantastic foppery of expression. . . . No milder word than detestable can be applied to this preposterous style, and vile as it is, it is surpassed by the . . . intellectual coxcombry of the book." (Pp. 180, 181, 182.) Watson's harsh judgments are quoted not because they are exceptional, but because they are representative of one large group of critical pronouncements from which Meredith, even at the height of his success, was never entirely free. That he allowed himself to be baited by them into excesses of stylistic contortion is true, but it is also true that the excesses only represent an intensification of an attitude and a theory which he believed in with equal vigour when at peace with himself and the world.

9 Yet restraint was possible. "Defer the simile," remarks Mrs. Mountstuart from the depths of her experience, to Clara, "If you hit on a clever one, you will never get the better of it." (*The Egoist,* 435.) Meredith was aware of the dangerous propensity of a good image to stop a piece of prose in its tracks, to deflect the attention of the reader from what was happening to the way in which it was being told. "Oh! no, no: this is too serious for imagery," says Laetitia Dale when she and Clara are trying to understand each other (*The Egoist,* 604), and certain moments of crisis in the novels are handled so simply that it is obvious that Meredith could feel the same way. An unerring eye for dramatic effect leads him to treat tragedy with unadorned dignity. The illness of Richard Feverel, for example, the death of Lucy, and the scene in which Romfrey and Shrapnel search for the drowned Beauchamp, are straightforwardly narrated, as are long passages in the other novels.

BEERBOHM TREE AND "THE NEW DRAMA"

Gretchen Paulus

Nineteen fifty-six was an important anniversary year in the history of the modern theatre. Not only was it the year of Shaw's centennial, but it also marked the half-century which has elapsed since the death of Ibsen. We are accustomed to think of Ibsen and Shaw together. In 1891 Shaw officially proclaimed himself the quintessential Ibsenite, and by 1892 had begun his own career as playwright. During this same decade, he and William Archer were leading the great fight to establish Ibsen's plays on the English stage. The word "new" became a catchword of the time: Archer, dramatic critic for the *World*, was the leading representative of the so-called "new criticism"; Shaw became a conspicuous practitioner of "the new drama"; Ibsen was generally regarded as the patron, if not the originator, of "the new woman" and "the new morality."[1]

The most resolute opponent of this left-wing movement in the London theatre was Henry Irving. Irving's services to Shakespearean drama were to win him a knighthood in 1895. But apart from Shakespeare's plays, Lyceum theatre-goers could enjoy established Irvingite successes such as *Becket*, *Olivia*, and, of course, *The Bells*. Irving's great refusal to have anything to do with Ibsenite drama helped to determine the character of English Ibsenism. Barred from the gas-lit splendours of the Lyceum, Ibsen's plays were driven into dark corners and bleak halls for their production. The great parts he created fell to a race of young unknowns, who often brought to them real sensitivity of interpretation, but not the prestige and publicity which were the pressing needs of the moment.

Only one of London's popular actor-managers loomed as a possible rival to the great Irving. This was Herbert Beerbohm Tree, manager of the Haymarket Theatre from 1887 to 1897, then of Her Majesty's, which modified its name appropriately with the accession of Edward. Like Irving, who was nearly fifteen years his senior, Tree carried on the

great tradition of the English stage by using his highest personal talents and the fullest resources of his theatre for elaborate productions of Shakespeare's plays. Unlike Irving, however, he was hospitable to the new drama of Ibsen, and made the rôle of Dr. Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People* distinctively his own. Towards the end of his career, he was to create for English audiences the part of Henry Higgins in Shaw's *Pygmalion*. Tree was a theatre man trying to occupy two worlds: the old world of the omnipotent actor-manager, who shamelessly adapted his dramatic material so as to enhance his own stage personality, and the new world of the playwright, who claimed dominance over the individual performer. More at home in the old world than the new, Tree still persisted in making generous gestures towards the important modern plays which came his way.

Before we study Tree as a highbrow pioneer in the theatrical world of the nineties, it is necessary to understand that he was first of all a popular favourite. Universally acclaimed as a master of the art of make-up, he won his greatest successes in grotesque character parts. Fagin, Svengali, Falstaff, Caliban, Shylock, Nero: these are the rôles by which Tree is best remembered in illustrated histories of the Victorian-Edwardian stage. The spirit of Tree's Shakespearean productions is not one most congenial to modern taste. We hear of real rabbits leaping about the wood near Athens in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; horses and Irish wolfhounds restively adorning scenes from *Richard II*. The opening scene of *The Tempest*, which Tree produced in 1904, presented a tossing ship with such graphic accuracy that it induced feelings of sea-sickness among some spectators. When Tree played Hamlet, the flights of angels which sing the Danish prince to his rest were translated into an actual, audible heavenly chorus.[2] The two trips to Hollywood which he took during the last years of his life must have come as a real fulfilment. He starred in a movie of *Macbeth*, and paid tribute to the genius of D. W. Griffith, whom he watched at work during the filming of *Intolerance*. He met Charlie Chaplin, and found him "thoughtful, as well as versatile and entertaining."[3]

When we consider Tree's strong temperamental affinity for the lavish, the opulent, and the spectacular, as well as his specialized ability as an actor in the grotesque style, the suburban parlour in which most of Ibsen's prose dramas take place seems more and more alien to his personality and to the qualities of his art. "What do they know of Ibsen who only Ibsen know?" he once wrote in his notebook.[4] Tree was not a member of the inner circle of Ibsenites, nor did they ever treat him as a

worthy ally, even though he was the only one of London's powerful actor-managers to bring a play of Ibsen's before the British public. He first produced *An Enemy of the People* on June 14, 1893, starring in the title rôle. Despite the apathy of his audiences, he persisted in reviving the play from time to time over a period of sixteen years. This fact alone indicates that Tree's interest in Ibsen was more than casual.

Although Dr. Stockmann became his special property, there are other interesting chapters in his Ibsen biography as well. His first professional encounter with Ibsen occurred rather early in his career, and was decidedly inauspicious. Anyone interested in the history of Ibsen's plays on the English stage takes a perverse delight in noting a production of 1884, of which Henry Arthur Jones and an Alsatian colleague named Henry Herman were the authors. Called *Breaking a Butterfly*, this play represents an appallingly crude distortion of *A Doll's House*.[5] The heroine's name is no longer Nora but Flora, and she is married to one Humphrey Goddard. Humphrey has a hearty friend named Dan Birdseye who serves as comic relief, though in dialogue he shows occasional traces of his curious descent from Ibsen's Dr. Rank. The action turns almost entirely on the intrigue resulting from Flora's forgery. When the kindly old book-keeper filches the incriminating note from the villain, all problems are solved, and Flora stays happily at home. The play was neither an honest version of Ibsen nor a commercial success. It deserves mention here because a young actor named Herbert Tree was a member of the cast, playing the part of the villain Krogstad—rechristened Philip Dunkley in the Jones-Herman version. Nine years later, in 1893, Tree was to take what William Archer considered gross liberties with the text of *An Enemy of the People*.[6] This early experience as a member of the cast of *Breaking a Butterfly* may have served to show him that an Ibsen text could be modified so as to comply with popular dramatic prejudices. In this attitude lay the cause of Archer's future wrath.

Three years after his appearance as Dunkley-Krogstad, Tree became manager of the Haymarket Theatre. His pioneer London production of Ibsen's *Enemy* in June 1893 was to be the Haymarket's most important contribution to the Ibsen movement in England. As early as May 1890, however, Tree showed a very special interest in the Norwegian playwright. At this time a relatively unknown young American, Elizabeth Robins—soon to become one of England's most famous Ibsen actresses—was interested in a proposal for producing *Ghosts* which reached her through a friend of Oscar Wilde. Miss Robins had read *Ghosts* earlier, and found it a horrifying play. Now, with a much-needed job in prospect,

she decided to look at the play again. She borrowed a copy from Tree, probably the Archer version of 1888. George Alexander, manager of the St. James's Theatre, and later something of a pioneer in his own right, producing *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and undertaking, too, Henry James's ill-fated *Guy Domville*, nevertheless shunned Ibsen and urged Miss Robins to do the same: "Don't touch him."[7] In spite of Alexander's advice, Miss Robins reread *Ghosts* in a more approving spirit, and decided to offer her services as Mrs. Alving. Braekstad, the Norwegian sponsor of this project, first suggested that Tree might be willing to lend the Haymarket. Tree consented, but with truly surprising conditions. In Miss Robins' words and italics, "he was to have a voice in the cast. *He saw himself as Mrs. Alving's son, Osvald.*" (P. 260.) Tree was apparently undisturbed by the fact that as Osvald he would have been more than ten years older than his "mother," Elizabeth Robins, but he did want William Archer's blessing on this project before planning the production. Miss Robins served as go-between; she remembers having seen Archer "laugh outright for the first time and with immense gusto, at the idea of a son of Mrs. Alving, being played by the romantic though mature Manager of the Haymarket" (p. 263). Apparently Archer promised his co-operation even so. Miss Robins's own refusal to see Tree in the part of Osvald was the deathblow to this proposed early production of *Ghosts*, which had to wait for J. T. Grein and the Independent Theatre Society before it appeared on an English stage nearly a year later in 1891.

Tree was sufficiently undiscouraged by this episode to figure again shortly afterwards as a patron of Ibsen. One afternoon in June 1890, he lent the stage of his theatre to a Mrs. Erving Winslow from Boston, who, seated alone at a table, gave readings from *An Enemy of the People*. This special matinee attracted a large crowd, since the great W. E. Gladstone was to be present. Miss Robins tells us that Dr. Stockmann's dilemma caused Gladstone to fall conspicuously asleep during the performance (p. 265). Three years later to the very month, Tree starred in an infinitely livelier production of *An Enemy of the People* which, though unsanctified by Gladstone's presence, still remains as Tree's grandest gesture towards Ibsen.

Once more before this date Tree was to learn that he and the professional Ibsenites could not do business together. In December 1892, Tree and Elizabeth Robins conferred again about a play by Ibsen, *The Master Builder*. Since early November of that year, Miss Robins had been eagerly translating this new work of Ibsen's, and gradually realized

that in Hilda Wangel she had found a superb part for herself. The play itself was refused by one important manager after another, until, as she says, "mid-December brought an unexpected enthusiast for the great part of Solness." This "enthusiast" was, of course, Tree. She describes the episode as follows: ". . . I wrote the next day to Mrs. Hugh Bell: that I had read 'The Master Builder' to the Manager of the Haymarket and that he (Tree) was 'swept away by Solness, wants to play it. . . .' " Miss Robins makes one last comment on this situation which is far from explicit: "Mr. Tree had good reasons of his own for not wanting at the moment to produce 'The Master Builder' at the Haymarket, and the guardians of that play had reasons for not wanting it ever done there, in view of the amazing alterations demanded by Mr. Tree."[8]

This fondness for "amazing alterations" was a constant element in Tree's professional code. It is probably a blessing that a play as complex as *The Master Builder* was saved from his improvising zeal, and eventually produced by a properly dedicated band of trained Ibsenite actors. Tree was never a man to subdue his own stage personality to suit the larger intention of the author. The blithe courage lying behind his prompt suggestion of "alterations" indicates that his response to this play was not based on a completely sensitive comprehension.

Although he never fully understood the subtle demands which the so-called "new drama" made upon an actor, Tree expresses growing admiration for Ibsen during the years 1891–3. In a speech entitled "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage," delivered before the Playgoers' Club in 1891, Tree is decidedly moderate in his praise of Ibsen. He refers to him as a "pitiless magician" capable of "unflinching power" and "dexterous butchery." Plays of the Ibsen school he dubs "the drama of perpetual night."[9] It is necessary to look at a speech Tree delivered two years later at the Royal Institution to see that his attitude to Ibsen has become much more knowledgeable and sympathetic; his admiration for *The Master Builder*, which he had probably seen at the Trafalgar Square Theatre in February of that year, remains undiminished. Throughout this speech, Tree is holding up "suggestiveness" as the mark of greatness in dramatic writing:

> If I may instance a modern play, I should say that this quality is displayed in an eminent degree in Ibsen's work *The Master Builder*. We know that this play is condemned by some as a flagrant outrage of conventional form. I must confess that, judged by Ibsen's plays, Scandinavia, in its sordid suburbanism, seems to me an undesirable abiding-place. All the more wonderful it is that the magician should have been able to conjure up from this dank

soil, which would appear congenial only to mushroom growths, such wondrous and variegated plants. In witnessing this play, we are moved by its power, we are fascinated by its originality. Few fail to feel the thud of its pulse. Each weaves his own version of its message. The master has gained his end; he has stirred the imagination of his audience; he alone remains sphinx-like, unexplained; he is the artist—wise master![10]

This generous tribute shows that Tree was not embittered by his thwarted attempts to play Osvald Alving and Halvard Solness. In the same year he created for himself the opportunity to play a great Ibsen part.

An Enemy of the People first reached the stage of the Haymarket on June 14, 1893. Mrs. Theodore Wright, who had scored a scandalous success as Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* two years earlier, played opposite Tree as Katerina, the doctor's wife. Tree was true to his own genius in that even as the seemingly prosaic Stockmann he achieved a startling physical transformation, playing in a luxuriant black wig and beard. It might seem that the earnest crew of Ibsenites would hail this production as a happy augury, since Ibsen had now crashed through the fashionable barriers of the West End, and an actor who was a recognized favourite was at last playing an Ibsen hero. Such was not the case. If we study various contemporary reactions to the Tree production, we find that the Ibsenites emerge as Tree's severest critics.

William Archer provides a proper starting point. Crusading for the Ibsenite drama from his post as theatrical critic for the *World*, Archer was Ibsen's most valuable single friend in England. In 1890–1 he had published five volumes of Ibsen's translated prose dramas, and naturally took a proprietary interest in Tree's production of *En Folkefiende*. Archer wishes to treat Tree's pioneer effort with courtesy, but he cannot temper justice with mercy without compromising his integrity. He comments with bleak honesty on the rough spots in this first performance: "Never has the voice of the prompter been heard in the land with more painful frequency and distinctness."[11] He must have found it more personally painful to report that "it was a monstrously mutilated text to which we listened on Wednesday last" (p. 166).

In Archer's eyes, Tree's portrayal of Stockmann did little to redeem these initial handicaps. Archer declares that he was "too emphatic, too pontifical, above all too *slow*" (p. 164). He objects especially to the "merely farcical touches" which characterize the whole production (p. 168). Act II inspires Archer's harshest strictures, since it was here that Tree made capital out of his own great height by having a short actor named E. M. Robson play the rôle of Aslaksen. Scenes between Stock-

mann and this "apostle of moderation" were played for laughs on the Mutt and Jeff level. Archer considers the meeting scene in Act IV to be the finest part of the production, though he feels that Tree's acting is seen to best advantage in Act V. In his summary of Tree's achievement, Archer is charitable, if not enthusiastic: "On the whole, Mr. Tree's performance is as yet but a rough sketch of Stockmann; but it is a sketch which gives every promise of developing into a brilliant portrait" (p. 167). There is evidence to show that during Tree's later revivals of this play, his Stockmann did improve. By 1905, the sometimes crude burlesque which had made Archer wince had for the most part disappeared.[12]

Throughout this review Archer is curiously reluctant to praise Tree for his managerial venture in bringing an Ibsen play on the London stage. He insists that Tree's Haymarket production is "neither 'moral victory' nor artistic triumph"; in his opinion, "it has been a distinct gain to Ibsen to be left alone by the managers." Archer feels that English productions of Ibsen's plays prior to June 1893 have represented real artistic triumphs: "And why? Because they have been left to seek out their elective affinities; because they have not been treated as mere mechanical matters of business and routine, but studied and staged by artists with special intellectual and technical qualifications for their work" (p. 164).

There is a less formal piece of evidence relating to Archer's views on the Haymarket production. On November 30, 1894, he wrote to Pinero as follows: "Ibsen appeals to a small public within the great public. . . . Abroad, where he is taken up by the ordinary impresario in the ordinary way of business, & played by artists who would probably prefer to be playing *Charley's Aunt*, he is ever apt to be murdered—as he was at the one actor-manager theatre where he has been done here."[13] Archer perceived a divided duty: to further the cause of Ibsen as a reform movement within the British theatre, and still to remain true to his austere standards concerning the style of acting which the new Scandinavian drama demanded.

Ibsen, Archer, and Shaw form a great triumvirate in the London theatre of the nineties. As dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review*, which he had joined in 1895, Shaw spoke with retrospective approval of Tree's noble gesture on behalf of Ibsen, but disparaged his personal achievement in the part of Stockmann: "Mr. Tree actually produced An Enemy of the People; but I doubt if he has ever realized that his Stockman [*sic*], though humorous and entertaining in its way, was, as a character creation, the polar opposite of Ibsen's Stockman."[14] In January 1895 he

lauded Tree for "the experiments he made at the Haymarket with Beau Austin and An Enemy of the People" (I, 20). In March of the same year he reported the gratifying success which Tree's *Enemy* had won in Chicago during the actor's American tour (I, 73). Later in 1895, Shaw commends Tree the manager for "repeated and honorable attempts to cater for people with some brains" (I, 241).

As a devoted champion of Ibsen and the dramatic theories he represents, Shaw will praise and encourage any signs he sees of a movement in English drama towards Norway. Despite his sensitive theatrical conscience, which makes him a severe critic of Tree's interpretation of Stockmann, Shaw is still primarily an evangelist who feels that even with Haymarket dilutions Ibsen may help to reform the English stage and hence English morals. Archer in contrast is an austere theologian who wishes most of all to keep the faith pure; his devotion to Ibsen the artist leads him to fear the vulgarizing influences on the plays themselves which commercial sponsorship might bring.

Archer and Shaw agree at any rate that the Tree production was not artistically satisfying. To some critics of 1893 Tree's humorous distortions of the Ibsen play appeared as welcome innovations. Writing for *The Theatre* of July 1, 1893, one critic made the following judgment: "It is not very often that an actor improves upon his author when the latter is a genius. But Mr. Beerbohm Tree has done it. Stockmann in Ibsen's play is a tragedian. A kind of Don Quixote, tilting at municipal windmills, he is obviously drawn as a fanatic, a single-minded iconoclast. That is good. But the tragi-comedy Mr. Tree reads into him is better. Broader, more humane, and more sympathetic, the new Stockmann drives home the truth of the play with immeasurably increased force. . . . Breezy, impulsive, vigorous, he dominated the stage."[15]

Tree had committed an error almost Stockmann-like in its indiscretion; he treated Ibsen lightly, refusing to be repressed by the Nordic gloom which some Ibsenite actors considered a necessary adjunct to proper presentation of the master's works. When *John Gabriel Borkman* reached the London stage in 1897, Shaw was wise enough to see that drab staging and overly solemn acting might eventually turn Ibsen into "the most portentous of stage bores" (III, 125). Some may argue that this prediction has proved all too accurate.

A critic such as Desmond MacCarthy, who enjoys Tree's acting, can still object to the "funny contrast" Tree exploited in his scenes with E. M. Robson. MacCarthy regretfully notes "some foolery, too, over the burgomeister's hat."[16] This is a reference to a bit of business in Act

III, but Ibsen himself provides for enough "foolery" here, so that Tree need not be severely blamed. Granville-Barker gives us no details, but agrees with other critics when he says that Tree " 'clowned' the production outrageously." Like Shaw, Granville-Barker gives Tree some formal praise as an "honorable exception" among the Ibsen-shy actor-managers of the nineties.[17]

It is Desmond MacCarthy, though, who gives us the clearest picture of Tree's characterization in this play. Even though he raised specific objections to certain points in the Tree production, he says of Tree himself that "his own acting in the part of that homely and courageous prophet, Dr. Stockmann, was masterly and subtle." Although the following passage is long, it deserves to be quoted here because of the concreteness with which it conjures up Tree's style in this rôle:

> He was perfect in the impassioned, indignant harangues, in representing Stockmann's incredulous distress of mind, his readiness to drop any number of points if only people will listen, a readiness which looks so like want of dignity but springs from sincerity. How admirably he acted the ruefulness with which Stockmann surveys his torn clothes and gravely concludes that "a man should never put on his best trousers when he goes out to battle for freedom and truth!" . . . When he was thundering from the platform about stuffy, selfish, ignoble homes, he had a characteristically subtle inspiration. Katerina, Stockmann's nervous, devoted wife, is sitting beside him. She has tried all along to prevent her husband embarking on his unpopular campaign, and her efforts have always drawn the same remark from him: "Really, Katerina, you are a most extraordinary woman." In the middle of this harangue about stuffy homes he put his hand for a second on her shoulder. It is hard to describe a gesture that is exactly right, but this one at that moment said as plainly as words: "Of course, my dear, that is not a hit at you." That momentary gesture expressed perfectly the relation between husband and wife. I recall it because it illustrates his gift of comprehending character.[18]

MacCarthy provides a healthy corrective to William Archer. We need to be assured that Tree's *Enemy* had its own merits, and was more than a boorish travesty of Ibsen.

It is already clear that Tree's production of this play was much more than an isolated experiment in "the new drama." After its dubiously received introduction in 1893, Tree revived the play during the theatrical season of 1894. Again in June 1895 it appeared on the Haymarket programme, since Tree had succeeded with the play in Chicago earlier in this same year. The longest run the play enjoyed began in 1905. Now manager of His Majesty's Theatre, Tree appeared as Stockmann in weekly matinee performances from November to January 1906, with

Rosina Filippi and Florence Farr sharing honours in the part of Mrs. Stockmann. At one November matinee in 1905 the audience contained Asquith, John Burns, Keir Hardie, and young Winston Churchill, occupying the royal box in lonely splendour. The play now presented an amusingly apt commentary on the political situation at home, since Balfour's defeated Conservatives were soon to experience all too acutely the power of "the damned compact Liberal majority" stigmatized in Ibsen's drama.[19] Public comment to this effect moved Tree to write to *The Times* on January 22, 1906, explaining that these topical lines from Act IV were really Ibsen's own, and not introduced for their suitability in the days of the General Election.[20] Again, in May 1909, the year Tree received his knighthood, he appeared as Stockmann in a series of matinee performances, with Mrs. Theodore Wright playing opposite him, just as she had in that first production of June 1893. By 1909, the *Athenaeum* can discover in Tree's portrayal of Stockmann certain typically English virtues: "Such a hero, the cheerful, indomitable fighter, always delights Englishmen of every class."[21]

Lady Tree's memoir of her husband explicitly assures us that Ibsen's Stockmann was "almost his favourite part"; she goes on to describe his attitude to Ibsen as one of "passionate admiration," and tells us, too, that "it was his fixed intention to produce *Peer Gynt*."[22] She writes at length about her husband's stubborn sponsorship of *An Enemy of the People*: "The play drew golden opinions, but never, except at its first matinee—and that, I think, was an invitation one—golden houses. It was always played to a loss, a fact which made Herbert furious, so much did he love the play and love playing the part." She suggests that Tree felt a strong identification with the rôle of Dr. Stockmann: "It suited his temperament exactly—indeed, there was much of Dr. Stockmann in Herbert's own character. He revelled in the passionate longing to right wrongs, the passionate scorn of bigotry and sham, the passionate impulse to kill prejudice and stupidity." (Pp. 133–4.) If a widow's fervid praise of her husband seems like weighted evidence, we may turn to the French critic Augustin Filon, who as early as 1896 had called Tree "un esprit curieux et hardi, qui accepte les réformes et, au besoin, les provoque."[23]

Tree himself pays a tribute to the Ibsen of *An Enemy of the People* even more emphatic than his address to the Royal Institution in 1893. Called "Our Betters: A Medley of Considered Indiscretions," this undated essay appears in the volume entitled *Thoughts and After-Thoughts*, published in 1913. This essay represents an attempt at a whimsical

sermon. Tree affirms that our true betters have no existence in the vanishing world of stratified social classes; instead, they exist within us, in the form of our highest ideals. These ideals at their best are not ready-made, but must come to us through the dust and heat of independent moral action: "It is easy to have the courage of other people's opinions; to have the courage of one's own instinct is the badge of a few."[24] Here we have a text singularly well-suited to *An Enemy of the People*. For Tree, the connection is even more pointed, since he goes on to choose his examples from Ibsen's play: "Be on your guard always against the 'compact liberal majority' of which Ibsen speaks so eloquently in the mouth of that splendid but unfortunate altruist, Dr. Stockmann" (p. 7). Tree then summarizes the action of the play, and quotes amply from Stockmann's speech in Act IV to the assembled citizens, in which the hero attacks "the devil's own compact majority" which is "poisoning the sources of our spiritual life." Tree follows Stockmann into Act V and quotes one of his favourite lines from the play to illustrate the doctor's prosaic heroism: "A man should never put on his best trousers when he goes out to battle for truth and freedom" (pp. 8–9).

As a theatre man, Tree tried resolutely to place himself outside Ibsen's "compact liberal majority," and frequently expressed his dissatisfaction with current dramatic taste. His career represented a curious mixture of artistic experiments and popular triumphs. Productions of plays by Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Tolstoy signified his contributions to art as opposed to business. As early as 1892, for example, he staged Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse*: the first time that a play by this writer was given in England. In 1903 he played Prince Dmitri in Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. We must remember, though, that he made his money with mediocre plays such as Haddon Chambers's *Captain Swift*, Sydney Grundy's *A Bunch of Violets*, and Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has this to say about her association with Tree at His Majesty's Theatre: "I was curiously uncomfortable in my work in this theatre: a disturbing mixture of domesticity and art, of Society and Bohemia, of conventionality and vagary—irritated me."[25] Professional restlessness was the clue to his career. Constance Collier, Louis N. Parker, and Hesketh Pearson all testify to his deep-seated temperamental dislike of long runs; "an obstinate success" was the term he wearily applied to money-making plays which required him to repeat his performances for months in a row.[26]

Tree finally met his match in his old friend Bernard Shaw, when he played Henry Higgins to Mrs. Campbell's Eliza Doolittle in the first

English production of *Pygmalion* in 1914. One of the pioneers in prescriptive playwrighting, Shaw took an active part in the frenzied rehearsals of this play, and tried with some success to restrain Tree from turning Higgins the professor of phonetics into a florid romantic hero deeply in love with his Eliza.[27] Did either Shaw or Tree realize that both Trilby O'Farrell and Eliza Doolittle were Galateas, and that the same actor had created the Pygmalion rôle in both plays? *Trilby* and *Pygmalion*, despite their striking similarity of theme, represent two different dramatic worlds, the very worlds that Tree was trying to bridge. First appearing as Svengali in 1895, Tree was completely at home in this highly coloured romantic melodrama. His closest affinities were with the old-fashioned declamatory actor who dominated the stage, oblivious to the other performers, and who valued his long speeches for their rhetorical "points." The sense of total orchestration which a Shaw play demanded of its actors was essentially alien to him. As Shaw wrote on the occasion of Tree's death: "What Tree could do was always entertaining in some way or other. But, for better for worse, it was hardly ever what the author meant him to do."[28] Shaw ends his somewhat unconventional "tribute" with a declaration of the ultimate artistic antipathy between him and Tree: "It is my misfortune that I cannot do him justice, because, as author and actor, we two were rivals who regarded one another as usurpers" (p. 252).

An Enemy of the People remains, then, as Tree's most significant and successful experiment in "the new drama." The part of Stockmann lent itself to zest rather than restraint, and was therefore a suitable vehicle for Tree's style. Stockmann's long speech in the meeting scene of Act IV provided him with the kind of dramatic material he could handle well, and all critics who saw him in this rôle give special praise to this part of his performance. Even though Tree emerges as a remarkably open-minded servant of the drama it is hard to regret the fact that a richly integrated play like *The Master Builder* was saved from his well-intentioned tampering. His loyal championing of the simpler *Enemy of the People*, however, represents a healthy attempt to wrest Ibsen from the exclusive control of his specialized band of admirers, and to turn him into a generally acceptable dramatist for London's West End.

NOTES

1 See Bernard Shaw, Preface to *Plays Unpleasant* (Penguin Books, 1948), p. ix.

2 See Hesketh Pearson, *The Last Actor-Managers* (New York, 1950), 10.

3 Herbert Beerbohm Tree, "Impressions of America" in *Herbert Beerbohm Tree: Some Memories of Him and of His Art*, ed. Max Beerbohm (New York, n.d.), 250.

4 "Extracts from Herbert Tree's Note-Books" in *ibid.*, 312.

5 Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, *Breaking a Butterfly*, an adaptation of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (n.p. [1884?]). The privately printed text of this play can be found in the Treasure Room of the Harvard Library.

6 William Archer, *The Theatrical "World" for 1893* (London, 1894), 166.

7 Elizabeth Robins, *Both Sides of the Curtain* (London, 1940), 258.

8 Elizabeth Robins, *Theatre and Friendship* (New York, 1932), 88–90.

9 Herbert Beerbohm Tree, "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage" in *Thoughts and After-Thoughts* (London, 1913), 166.

10 Tree, "The Imaginative Faculty," in *ibid.*, 110–11.

11 Archer, *Theatrical "World" for 1893*, 164.

12 See Mrs. George Cran, *Herbert Beerbohm Tree* (London, 1907), 37.

13 See Wilbur Dwight Dunkel, *Sir Arthur Pinero: A Critical Biography with Letters* (Chicago, 1941), 56.

14 Bernard Shaw, *Our Theatres in the Nineties* (3 vols.; London, 1932), III, 33. Subsequent references to these volumes will appear in text.

15 Quoted by Miriam Franc, *Ibsen in England* (Boston, 1919), 98–9.

16 Desmond MacCarthy, "From the Stalls" in *Tree: Memories*, 223.

17 H. Granville-Barker, "The Coming of Ibsen" in *The Eighteen-Eighties: Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature*, ed. Walter de la Mare (Cambridge, 1930), 183n.

18 MacCarthy, "From the Stalls," 223.

19 See Cran, *Tree*, 37.

20 Tree dated his letter January 22, 1906. It appeared in *The Times* on January 25.

21 *Athenaeum* (May 8, 1909), Houghton Library Theatre Collection, cutting files.

22 Lady Tree, "Herbert and I" in *Tree: Memories*, 72.

23 Augustin Filon, *Le Théâtre anglais* (Paris, 1896), 266–7.

24 Tree, "Our Betters: A Medley of Considered Indiscretions" in *Thoughts and After-Thoughts*, 6–11, *passim*.

25 Mrs. Patrick Campbell, *My Life and Some Letters* (New York, 1922), 307.

26 See Constance Collier, *Harlequinade: The Story of My Life* (London, 1929), 97–8; also Louis N. Parker, "A Tribute" in *Tree: Memories*, 213; and Pearson, *Last Actor-Managers*, 16.

27 For accounts of *Pygmalion* rehearsals, see Hesketh Pearson, *Bernard Shaw: His Life and Personality* (Montreal, 1942), 307–11; also *Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence*, ed. Alan Dent (New York, 1952), 174–81.

28 Shaw, "The Point of View of a Playwright" in *Tree: Memories*, 250–2.

REVIEW

"Lady Mary"

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's reputation as a wit and, especially, a letter writer has remained high across the two centuries since her death, but her reputation as a person has been ambiguous. Her name has seldom been introduced without an accompanying smack of scandal. The scandal was orginally attached to her by Alexander Pope, and her connection with the poet was a singular misfortune from the point of view of her good name. The lines he directed at her, after the collapse of their friendship, stated much but insinuated more to her disadvantage; and posterity generally, even after making due allowance for the habitual exaggeration of satire, has been prepared to take his opinion on trust; especially since it had the backing of Horace Walpole's plausible judgment.

Professor Robert Halsband is the first scholar to have inquired closely into the true character of the author of the Turkish Embassy letters, of the apparent Fury figuring in Pope's life and verse, and the result is one of the very best of recent biographies. (*The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1956, pp. 313, $4.50.) His intention has been—in spite of the drift of these opening remarks—not to whitewash Lady Mary but to set her free from the imprisonment of traditional opinion by a patient and scrupulous examination of the biographical evidence. Every page carries the marks of his careful search into sources, at hand and abroad, and Lady Mary's character as it emerges from his attention is completely authenticated.

Her character now appears as richer and more attractive than one could possibly have supposed, and the misinterpretations earlier laid upon her are shown to have been largely due to the circumstances of her age, forcing her behaviour as they did into patterns susceptible of cruel or scandalous construction. She may have been born with every apparent advantage, but as those advantages were entirely social they could only benefit a woman content to live safely within the code. Lady Mary was not so content. Gifted with an exceptionally keen mind and an irresistible urge to compete in the masculine world of letters, she quickly found that what she was offered was unsatisfying to her deepest nature. For a time she fought as well as she could on the unfair terms proposed, but later she relinquished the unequal contest by flying into an eccentricity of conduct and manner which was the inevitable resource of those "writing women" who could afford to retreat from unresponsive fact. A history of feminism from 1660 to 1760—a crucial period in the struggle of women for recognition—would show Lady Mary as a type; as one of the several pioneers who brought about, though often unintentionally, a more favourable situation. Mr. Halsband's biography, therefore, is more than a major contribution to our knowledge of Lady Mary, presenting for the first time an unbiassed judgment on her backed by much hitherto unpublished material; it also contributes widely to our understanding of the eighteenth century as a whole.

DOUGLAS GRANT